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Jason Rebello ⑤ The debutant view, by Richard Cook

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Hard Wire

Our new sechno, electro go-go pages!

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wire

*
i member of the Namara Group

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LUNAR-TIC TAKE OVER

THE UK premiere of Mike Westbrook's London Bridge Is Broken Down is one of the events newly added to London's Jazz Lunarcy Festival. which takes place at four East End venues - Hackney Empire. Half Moon Theatre. St Anne's Church Limebouse Theatre Royal Stratford - between 28 October and 11 November. Full line-up is now: Sun Ra & The Year 2000 Myth Science Arkestra (28 October, HE); Gary Thomas & Seventh Quadrant, Steve Willismson Band (1 November, HMT); Gary Burton Qnt (3, HMT): Annie Whitehead/ Carol Grimes (4, TRS): Kenny Wheeler Orchestra, with Dave Holland, Evan Parket, Norma Winstone etc (7, HMT); Steve Coleman & The Five Elements (8. HE); Mike Westbrook Orchestra & Docklands Sinfonierra (9. SACL): Naima Akhtar (11, TRS), Box office: 081 534 0310 (TRS), 081 985 2424 (all other venues).

CHASE THE BASS BASSIST PAUL

Rogers takes his new sexter on a Jazz Services' Now Time tour this month. The group, which features three saxophonists (Paul Dunmall, Simon Picard, John Rangecroft), flaurist Neil Mercalfe and percussionist Mark Sanders, will play a new Rogers suite, The Angle American Shetches, specially commissioned for the tour. They visit Brentwood Monkey's Club (4 November); Coventry Warwick University Acts Centre (5); London Purcell Room (6); Nottingham Bobby Brown's Cafe (7): Mancheseer Band On The Wall (8); York Arts Centte (10); Southport Arts Centre (13): Bath University (15): Brighton The Concorde (16): Belfast Festival (17). Details on 071 870 8354

CURTAINS

FOR RUSSIA RUSSIAN MUSIC WILL be heavily featured at this year's Huddersfield Contemporary Music Festival - subtitled "The Curtain Rises" with composers Alfred Schnittke and Sofia Gubaidulina and avant-garde jazzers Slava Ganelin. Orkestrion and Valentina Ponomoreva all due to attend Highlights of the festival. which tuns from 22 November to 2 December, include UK premieres of Schnittke's Faut Cantata (24 November) and Concerto For Psano 4 Hands (26), plus his Psano Owntet (27) and Symptony No 4 (29); while Gubaidulina UK premieres include Seven Last Words (26) and lauchzt Der Gstt (1 December) and the jazz artists have a day to themselves (23 November). Other projects at the festival are a 60th Birthday Celebration for Toru Takemitsu and a special series of concerns by UK composer Gavin Bryars. Details: 0484 422288

Ponomareva also appears ar London's ICA on 11 November and a London gig for Orkesttion is likely to happen on 25 or 27 (venue tha), with the possibility of a Liverpool concert under discussion as we go to press.

NOWT AS QUEER AS JAZZ 'N' FOLK

BASSIST STEVE Betry has formed a new group, Mosaik, with singer June Tabor, saxist Mark Lockheart, pianist Huw Watten and percussionist Bosco D'Oliverta.

Though both jazz and folk

form key elements of the sound ... iszz-folk it is not," claims Berry. The group play their debut concetts on a short Jazz North West tour that takes them to Lancaster Park Hotel (9 November); Northwich Hatlequins Theatre (16); Exeter Arts Centre (17): Ambleside Zeffirellis (23): Bury Merto Arts (24); Chester Gateway Theatre (25). Details from 051 327 4908

CAFE OLÉ

LONDON'S TAZZ Cafe celebrates its move to new premises in Camden with an impressive list of November attractions. Following the grand opening by the Eddie Harris Band, featuring trumpeter Terumasa Hino (12-17 November), concerts continue with Andy Sheppard (18); veteran pianist Ahmad Jamal (19-24); singers Carol Grimes & Ian Shaw (25): multi-reedsman Sam Rivers (26, 27); bop altoist Lou Donaldson (28, 29); and Pinski Zoo (30). Details from 071 284 4358

IMPROVISATION SWEEPS THE NATION

THREE IMPROV groups set off on UK tours this month, thanks to Atts Council funding: the Vanessa Mackness/Barry Guy Duo, the Modum Ot and the appropriately named ensemble Improv. Vocalist Mackness and bassist Guy will extemporize before your eyes at Manchester Millstone (7 November); Sheffield Foot & Mouth (8): Leeds Termite Club (9): Oxford Hollywell Rooms (12); Luton 33 Arts Centre (16); London Vortex (18).

Sheffield's Modum Qt, with Detek Saw and Charlie Collins (reeds, percussion), Mary Schwartz (viola), John Jasnoch (guitar, mandolin), have dates at Newcastle Project UK (6 November); Manchester The Millstone (20); Deeby The Lord Nelson (4 December): Norringham Narrow Boar (6). with further concerts at Leeds and London likely to be added. The Oxford-based quinter Improv (Alan Tomlinson, Pere McPhail, Mark Thomas, lan McLochlan, Matthew Lewis) strut their stuff at Banbury The Mill Arts Centre (4): London Old White Horse (18); Sheffield Hallamshire Hotel (22); Leeds Termite Club (23): Huddersfield Festival Fringe (24).

LYTLE BIG MAN US VIBIST Johnny Lytle

is the star attraction at November's Brighton Jazz Boo, presented by DIs Russ Dewbury and Baz Fe Jazz. The Bop, which takes place at Brighton The Event on 2 November, features Lytle plus James Taylor Ot, rapper M C Mello and dancers Brother In Jazz. Lytle will also play two other UK dates - at London Pizza Express Dean St (1 November) and Bristol The Cooker (3). Details from 081 644 7552 or 0273 204479.

PILES OF MILES

MILES DAVIS dominates the Radio 3 jazz airwaves this month. On 16 November (9.25pm) lan Carr presents an hour-long documentary on Miles, which includes interviews with Gil Evans, Dave Holland, Keirb Jattett, Max Roach, Joe Zawinul and others; and this will be followed by a series of eight half-hour programmes on Miles's music in Radio 3's regular Friday night jazz slot (6.30pm, starting 23 November), to be repeated the following Thursdays at 11pm.

THE BUGS BITE BACK LEEDS TERMITE

Club will hold its annual improvisation festival from 9-11 November, A few star names have still to be confirmed as we go to press, but the line-up so far announced is: Vanessa Mackness/Barry Guy, Paul Buckton/Mick Beck/Chris Wesver, Steve Hubback Ot (9 November): Paul Hession/Alan Wilkinson/Simon Fell/Charlie Wharf, plus guests (10). There will also be two lunchtime concerts, artists tha, on 10 and 11. All concerts are at the Royal Park, Queens Rd, Leeds 6. Further details from 0532 742006

DICK PEARCE BENEFIT A SPECIAL all-day benefit gig has been arranged at the Bulls Head in Barnes to assist trumpeter Dick Pearce. Dick was injured in a motorcycle accident in September and is likely to be out of action for a while: Wire sends him best wishes, and suggests that attendance is mandatory for the event, which starts at 12 noon on 25 November and runs through till 11PM! Among a host of important names involved will be: Alan Skidmore, Stan Tracey, Guy Barker, Jack Sharpe's Big Band, Elaine Delmar, Art Themen, Roadside Picnic, Don Weller, Humphrey Lyttelton, Ronnie Scott, Jim Mullen and Martin Drew.



TRAIL OF THE NOT-SO-LONESOME PINE

Courney Pine and panaist Ellis Manalis team up for three UK 8185 together in December. Billed as Courney Pine & The Ellis Marsalis Trio, the group will play London Hackney Empire (13 December); Edinburgh Queens Hall (14); Manchester RNCM (15).

SNACK ATTACK

ROADSIDE PICNIC, with bassist Mario Castronari and saxist Dave O'Higgins, rake the high road this month courtesy of the Scottish Jazz Network. Carch them at Glasgow Riverside Club (8 Novem-

ber); Aberdeen Cowdray Hall (9); Edinburgh The Merlin (10); St Andrews Younger Hall (11). Details from 041 552 3223.

ON TOUR: OREGON, KARNATAKA

FUSIONISTS OREGON and Indian voice-andpercussion group Karnataka both undertake Contemporary Music Network tours in November. Karnataka, with special guest bin Billamy on saxophones, play London QEH (1 November). Leicester Phoenix (3); Liverpool Phillharmonte Hall (4); Bradford Sc George's Hall (7); Manchister RNCM (8); Bughton Gardner Arts Centre (9); Norwich The Waterfront (10); Birmingham Adrian Boult Hall (11).

Oregon, featuring gutarist Ralph Towner, arrive late in the month for concerts at London QEH (29 November); Winchester Theatre Royal (36); Brighton Galenter Arts Center (1 December); Lexoster Haymarker Theatre (2); Brimingham Adrian Boult Hall (3); Sheffield Jeadmill (4); Ambleside Zeffreille (5); Nowich St Andrews Hall (6); Manchester RNCM (7). Details on both these tours from 071 333 0160.

SAINTS GO MARCHING ON

STEVE WILLIAMSON, District Sta and Trevoe Wars are among the artists scheduled for be Saxth Southampron Juzz Festival, which takes place from 20–24 November at Southampron University, Full line-up is Januasz Carmello, Tony Woods (20 November), Trevoe Watts Drum Orchestra (21); John Taylor & Lee Goodall (22); District Six (23); Serve Williamson, Orchestra Rafiki (24), Details 0709 593672 (dav) 7 220928 (ev.)

BURN THIS

A VA NY - KEY BO A ROLEY Chris Burn takes his eigheproce Ensemble on a November roor that controles with the release of his new Ensemble CD on the Acra label. The CD is officially issuended at the tour's first gig, at London's Red Rose Club (18 November), after which the group visit York University (22); Birminghum Midlands Arts Center (23); Exerce Arts Centre (26), Decails from DSI 1990 9641.

т т								
demon that other concern at this	Watershid (0272 276444)		(ch 0532 608301)		(de 0742 664608)		Done McLoughlin	
sense are living an the news section,	Jazz Cuty Gala		Szake Davis	2	Alan Barnes Band	7	The Jazz Garden	25
pp 4-5. Please note that the deadline	w/Sean Tracey Que,		Dewey Redman Qt	14	Teddy Edwards Qt	21	Bulls Head (Sures) SW	13
for December and January Intensive	Slum Gaillard,		Crosstown Traffic	16	Leadwill (clo 0742 664608)		(081 876 5241) +	
I November	Andy Hague Que	3	Roadside Picnic	24	Stan Tracey's Hexad	13	Hard Lines	1
	Cambridge Corn Exchange		Lichfield Arts Cover		Ronnie Ross Qr	18	Circa Bar 971 (071 266	3543)
Ambleside Zeffinilla	(de 071 439 0007)		(dr 021 632 4921)		Southampton John Arlan &	our,	Hard Lines	
(0539433845)*	Jan Garbarek Qt	29	Chris Biscoe Qur	25	University		Old White Horse SU'9	
Jason Rebello Band 2	Farmers Clab (0223-62085)		Liskeard Sees Anti Cover		(0703 593741/777424)*		(071 326 1378) *	
Andover Cracklade Theater	Teddy Edwards	3	(de 0392 218368)		Alan Barnes/		Gary Todd/Jon Lloyd/	
(de 6392 218368)	Flamberds (0223-62550)		Human Chain	- 1	John Barnes Qnt	6	Marcio Mattos/	
Human Chain II	Jim Mullen/Mornington		Liantwit Major St Desets	Am	Alex Maguare &		Mark Danders	
Banbury The Old Mull	Lockerr Band	2	Centre (do 671 439 0807)		Sreve Noble	8	100 Club #1 (071 636 0	
(ds 0273 672242)	Jean Toussaint Qr	9	Andy Sheppard/		Harry Young Qnr	13	Jean Toussaint	16
Mervyn Africa Qt 10	Ken Stubbs/		Krith Tippert	16	John Burgess Trio	27	Purcell Room SE1	
Belfast Formal (0232 667687)+	Mick Hutton Band	16	Manchester Sand On The V	Wall	Tarner Sans Hall, University		(071 928 3002)*	
includes: Teddy Edwards 12		23	(961 832 6625)*		(6703 593672/220928)*		Shelley Hirsch/	
John Scofield Qt 14		30		12,13	Allan Holdsworth	16	David Weinstein	16,17
Dewey Redman Qr 15			Jason Rebello Band	15	Stamford Arts Centre		Queen Elizabeth Hall	SEI
Carol Kadd 16			Crosstown Traffic	22	(do 0392 218368)		(071 928 3002)*	
Jon Hiseman Q: 15	Mervyn Africa Qt	- 1	Free Trade Mall (do 071 439	6807)	Human Chain	,	Carol Kidd Trio	13
John Stevens,	Heavy Qt	2	Oscar Peterson	18	Swindon Lavé Castre		Ronnie Scott's Club #	.1
Kent Carter, Annie	Skerch	29	RNCM (061 273 4504)		(079) 871212)		(071 439 0747)	
Whitehead, Ed Jones 24			Par Kane & The John		Human Chain	2	Mongo Santamaria	
Berwick On Tweed Mahagi	(d) 0676 22999)		Rae Collective	29	Wakefield Jazz Cási			9-Nov
Arts Centre (6289 3 36999)	Loi Coxhill	22	Newcastle Upon Tyne /	bets	(0924 374900)		Monrgomery, Plant &	
Teddy Edwards 16			Crete (091 232 4225)		Julian Arguelles Qr		Stritch	5-1
Birmingham The Burr	(0293 553646)		Paraphernalia	17	Teddy Edwards	9	Jimmy McGriff Qt	15-2
(021 420 2563)	Human Chain	10	Corner House (091 265 9602)		Lewis Watson Band	16	Marion Monrgomery	
Jean Toussaint Qt P			Mundell Lowe Tree		Jim Mullen Qt	23		4-Dec
Museley Dunce Centre	(081 688 9291)		Teddy Edwards	15	Iain Ballamy Qr	30	Royal Festival Hall SE	1
(do 021 454 2371)	Oliver Jones Trio	14			Wavendon Tie Stalies		(071 928 3092)	
Jimmy McGnff Band 10			John Burgess Trio	20	(0908 583928)		Oscar Peterson Qr	1
Brentford Contropus	(d) 071 439 0807)		Nottingham Boldy Street	1	Paraphenodia	2		3
John Burgess Trio,	Jan Garbarek Qt	30	(de 0602 #26417)		Whitehaven Resets Theat	4	Vortex N16 (071 234 6	\$169
Alan Skidmore Trio 13			Teddy Edwards	28	(0946 692422)		Ian Shaw Qt	
Brentwood //intry')	(031 668 2019)		Oxford Festival (0235 815)		Teddy Edwards Qt		Lol Coshell	
(0277 218897)*	Sreve Coleman &		includes. Terry Huschins	. 2	Yeovil College (0935-28917		Pere King Qr	
Happy End I		9	Jonathan Gee Qr	9	Teddy Edwards	- 11		
Tommy Chase Q:		16	Frends 8ar (6865 311171)		York Ans Centre (0904 627		Jonathan Gee	E
Parapherralia 2		23	Butchers Of Distanction	23	Human Chain	18	Pinski Zoo	1
Brighton Caste (0273 202881)	Par Kane & John Rae		Hellylash (0963 723 (54)				John Srevens Que	-
George Beason II		30	Ian Smirh Qne	4			Mersyn Africa Project	19-2
The Convente (0273 6006460)+	Exeter Anti Costry		Paul Reynolds Trio	18	LONDON		Tim Richards &	
Teddy Edwards			OM Fire Status (0865-56400				Roland Perrin	2
Bristol Allert Int (0272 661968)		3	George Ricci Qr	5	Bass Clef N1 (071 729 247		Watermans Arts Cen	
Human Chain			Chris Biscor Qt	19	Jean Toussaint Qr		Bressford (081 451 4875)	
Andy Hague Que			Poole Arts Control 0202 68.		Noel McCalla's Contacr	13		2
Jean Toussaint Qut B			Tommy Chase Qt	- 1		20-22		
Spirit Level 2		10	Paraphernalia		Blow The Fuse King? Han	INI	Centre NW10 (081 431	4875)
0MVir (0272 661968)	Joe Zawinal Syndicate	17	Strate Tracey Octee	19	(071 254 8935)		Contos Sul	

Steve Williamson Band 18 Leeds Trade Clab

Angele Velrmejer &

The Jazz Garden



"Bring me my bow. - PAUL ROGERS had his sente through

boxer of the ears

It's seconds away as Jabbin' Joe Zawawi.

ex-Weather Report champ, come out fighture. Well Brian 'Boucrasher' Morton to

the distance with the KO keyboardest?

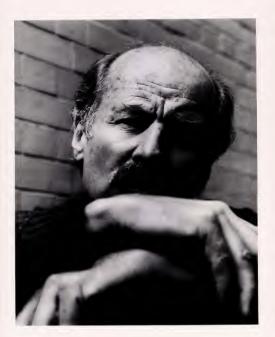
Photo by Jake Chessure.

BOXERS ARE great improvisers. Turn it around. Improvisers are like fighters and one misrake can earn you busted chops. It's an analogy that appeals to Joc Zawinul. "You make a mistake in music, and you get out; make a bad mistake in boxing, you don't have a gig."

It turns out that the real Zawind Syndicare, the one he'd much rather talk shour, in a tring of expl Mexican hids for whom he corners back home in the States. I'd turned up for the interries carelessly accessived as a buryer, Batter [Branner, Batter] didn't take long to establish the informing merapher. Tear me, sports were abovely number one. Soil ther: Zawind was still buzzing from the World Cap final, which he and has son had watthed from Row 20, and from the prospect of an eventual showdown between Tyon—The prefer fighter accordated and the state of the processing the state of the hill all popelly and texed up, keeping carefully hidden the blit all popelly and texed up, keeping carefully hidden the best and least-damaged bosing being of the last 30 years.

Zawinul thumbs the side of his nose, growls like Angelo Dundee, and tells a story about Mike Tyson and Don King that, aimed at anyone else, might be actionable; with these characters, you might find yourself reinforcing a flyover





someplace. To music.

"Hey, you ask all these guys, all these great fighters, and all they really wanna be is a musician; Joe Frazier, sure, but also Archie Moote, Archie played bass, and Joe Louis, he was a fine violin player, who studied all the time."

And then there was Miles, who helped put Jack Johnson back up where he belonged and who liked to pose, barely winded and just lightly sweated, up against the tingpost, jazzman as pugilist.

THOUGHHE'S content to mix the sporting metaphors (elsewhere it's "quarterback" or "libero"), he doesn't mince his obsession with "control".

Weather Report was 75 pet cent my music and if the individualistic inputs was far greater them as with Weather Update, that's because you had people like Wayse Shorter; people like that pair can't be replaced. A while back, I played with Wayne in San Sebastian for the first time in about five years. We didn't calk about it, we just did this things for just of (Pastorius). Wayne and me never had to talk about music, it's the same thing, being a musician, being a fighter. If power a great fighter you don't need to raik a fight. I always rell the kids don't worsy about when this goy is going to do, because he might do something different and then you're in trouble. You're in there asked, moments' going to outners you perturn that the properties of the control of the properties o

Zawinul's "jab", that insistent pulse in the bass that underlay all of his best compositions for Weather Report, has never let him down, it comes through stormly with his latter-day Weather Update, with the less happy Syndicate, even on the uneasy world-music mannerisms of Dra-dets; it's the sound of a man very much in charge of the basics, taking care of basiness, utterfy ready for the rose-to-rose

The violence, somehow, not that far away. There's something fainthy houself, in those synthesised cheers at the beginning of "Nubian Standance" on Nysarium Transllar. You get the sense that Zawani always thinks of music-making as a Roman holdor. The people make the difference. To play a people, It's like when you week in the concer with a figher, the violence out in the audience is somehow much more violence than what going on in the middle: That's planned, controlled, part as much as it can be, and the shiver of fear is pure of the reognition that at the boardowy of the planning.

Nothing better exemplifies that than the fare of two Weather Report alumni, both of them is some way victims of what Zawinul calls the "Weather Report syndrome", a puncholanak, directionless stagger that stalls former members. There was Pastorius, a genius of a bass player who tipped ower more than once into destructive self-indulgence and through whose life, on and off-stage, ran a red thread of violence superisely, perhaps, but with the bonety of a good correman, Zawinul dostn't baulk at making invidious comparisons between former members. "Alphonso Johnson was great, Mitoslav Vitous was good, but Jaco was just something else, confidence, individualism, tone, strength . . . you must know, he was beaten to death."

I ASK about Etic Gravatt, probably the most stunning drummer I've ever seen or heard, who featured on the second Weather Report album, I Sing The Body Electric, with its "Live In Japan" side, and who reduced me to a nervous tic on the band's 1972—3 European tout.

Let me cell you about Ent. He was the best drummer we ceet had, but there were aspects of his concept, about I/G, which were not so good. He wanted things too fast. He came to the first etheratis with his lowyer and he wanted a contracatal he wanted to be a partner with Wayne and me. I said, Hyr, man, Wayne and me been on them: By that time, I/G and the second with Miles Davis and with Cannonball Adderley, Drink Washington, Coleman Treations. Wayne had made to the word of the second with the contraction of the contractio

*Omat Hakim, who was in the band, went on to play with Sting. One day he went to Sting's manager Miles Copeland and he wanted more money or something. And Miles Copeland said, 'Listen, Omar, if I say Sting is sick today and can't play. 90 per cent of the people will come and get their money back and 10 per cent will hold onto their ticket. If I say Omar Hakim can't play, it's going to make no fucking difference to nobody.' And that's what I told Etic. Everything comes in good time. He wanted the money, then he would show everyone what he could really do. But I said, 'Why don't you tuen it around, and really play your ass off?' That's what he did in Japan, but he wasn't consistent. When he wanted to do it. he was as great as anyone I ever heard, when he didn't, he was less than average. These days? He still plays, but not much. He works as a prison guard, in some maximum security joint." Maybe you can hear that, back then, in the tight, lockstep rolls.

For now, Zawinul finds himself in something of the same position as George Foreman. Out of the teckoning for a while, a couple of split decisions on tecord, a big shake-up on the home team, an all-round sense of having — maybe—gone soft.

We've not been in this country for a long time. Van hwe to work your way bed, the contention. The rew band is great, It was a wonderful combination before, but this is different. With two melody and humony instruments, it is not that each, but then I hwe more control now. It's always been a continuous thing, a growing thing. The sound changed. It was always been able to create my own sound. With electronics, expecting handgue electronics, I could create when I wanted, not necessarily to copy a trumper sound, but to make my own kind of beas sound.

Improvisation. Control. The jab's looking good. Zawinul, still a contender. "LET'S GET LOST" RECAPTURES THE LIFE RND TIMES OF LATE JAZZ HOAN PLAYER CHET BAKER • FILM NOMINRTEO EDA ACADEMY AWAAD • WAN VENICE ELIM EESTIWAL starring

> **Chet Baker** "Glorious...one of the best

iazz movies ever made."

RRE PERFORMANCE FOOTAGE ONCE SAIO "IUHEN A CRIU-

I. BRKER

NTERNRTIONRLLY RENOWNED

· WAS FOUNDING FRTHER OF

RUMPET POLLS FOR YEARS IN

JGRN'S ERMOUS PIANO-LESS

ICCURIM IN MID-1950'S

MIND . IN LETE 60'S RECK IN

OMEOY SERIES "LRUGH IN" .



OKTAHOMA, 23 DECEMBER '29 BDY GADIUS UP IN DKI AHDMA

PHOTOGRRPHER/FILMMRKER 1987) • WEBER'S NEWSPRPERS, MRGRZINES. IUDBLO DUFA FASHION PHOTOGRAPHY . FILM

CALIFORNIR'S SCHOOL RECOUNT OF BRKER'S FINAL RRRE SRYS "GLORIOUS...DNE DF THE " • CHET BAKEA MADE TDPPED JAZZ

1950'S . FILL NRME CHESNEY OKLAHOMA, 23 DECEMBER '29 ROV GROUIS UP IN DKI BHDMB TO HAVE A STDAY" . -8 8 '5D-2 • WRS SIDE-AGE 24 . JRINER GERRY MIII -

HIHEN PARRILLED NUMBER DE

'59-'64 CAAFFA SUFFFAFO HEADLINES, SEVERRL FRILFO

BACKLASH AGAINST HIS COOL

U.S., AECEIVED A BLDW TD HIS KNDCKED DUT IN B FIGHT IN YEARS, TURNED TO SINGING . DN AMERICAN TU

NEW YORK TIMES WROTE DE STYLISH ... DIED IN AMSTERDAM 13 MBY

rebello with a cause

Signed by a major label, his debut record produced by Wayne

Shorter, it seems that Jason Rebello has already found his golden

fleece. Richard Cook meets the planist with dedication on his

mind. Photo by Andrew Pothecary.

THE B B C 'S Maids Vale studies should number among London's undiscovered relies. Long cancerolls sell or studies beauders studies where you think you can hear the glosely strained follog-added and/or orbesters, seremaling their invisible suddence on the departed Light Programme. In one of the largest, wany from the clutter of neglected massis stands, two grand pianor rest side by side; the only performers in the studies are Marian MeParthal and Joson Rebello.

Ms McParland is recording ber 15th season of Fam Jarr, the show she hosts for American PBS, where she talks and plays with filtow just pinnins. It's a distinguished series, and the crewhile by oungest main just z'emen a little overeased as being asked to participate. But after playing a soli. "Over The being asked to participate. But after playing a soli." Over The comparison of the playing a solid participate of the playing and playing a solid participate of the playing and a solid participate of the playing and playing a solid participate of the playing and playing a solid participate of the playing and playing a playing a Parket bloss gets justifially participate of the playing and playing a solid participate of the playing and playing a playi

"Would you like to try a free improvisation, Jason." asks the basess. The result is a strange truce between conventional forms and free thinking, a dark little piece which is as spontaneous as any jazz I've heard. Jason asks Marian to play one of her truns, and she responds with the kind of unperdictable mid-tempo ballad which is her hallmark. The young man is stellbound.

"I'd heard her before, and I was thinking, oh no. I'll be completely shown up. Solo piano isn't something I've done much, and I've never played duets before. I'm always scared thinking about that sort of thing, but when you get to do it, it's OK. But she was amazing."

Renether the studio gave him no problems, since he'd not long finished his own debut record, A Clearer Vstu, released this month. Since we last spoke to him (Wre 54), the unsigned planist has been lionised to the point where he seems ready to be a major spirit in the next developments in the music here.

As a pianisr, Rebello can stand somewhat aside from the 'renor wars' element which sometimes figures in discussion of the younger players. His work with Steve Williamson and Tommy Smith suggests a facility with several potential believes and the alternative statement of the several potential science, and the alternative several several potential.

the younger payers. In work with other with another of Tommy Smith suggests a facility with several potential idioms, and the album proposes a thoughtful, discrete kind of fusion, electric keyboards used alongside the familiar smooth surface-hard center touch which is Rebello's favoured method. Like most who've come up through the jaze education system, it's composition which is coming to concern him most. "I seend more time on that than anything else, really,

That's how I speech improvision I need to thick mere about a rescure to be able to deal with improvision I think juzza sort of ook over when improvising died out in the classical world — I menn, Berchoven and Mosart were great improvises— and there's so much you can do no just a 12-but blues. Playing a blues now, I'm more into doing it in a transitional way, since you can try and do so much with it that the point of the blues point of the blues of oil and research if or what it is.

It looks likely that he'll get some stick for introducing electric keyboards and liter-fusion grooves into what many expected as a straight-abead record; and he admits that modern keyboards are "dangerous. It's so easy to set up a pattern that sounds good immediately. My estimation of a lat of music has gone down since I started investigating what you can do."

Less significant than the justification that electric keyboards are 'now' is Rehello's claim that every part is used at the service of the composition. "Alo of it's improvised in that there were no definite bass lines and drum patterns to play against. It might not sound like it because of the studio sound, but the improvisation is there. I wanted to keet the lazz in."

The major coup was to enlist Wayne Shorter as producer. Jason grins at the recollection.

"When I met him, I suddenly understood about all the music he's done, why he'd done it that way. It clicked, why it's against the grain all the rime. The way he thinks is so different. It's mad. He comes out with things . . . we'd be working on a tune, and he'd say something about one of the commission of the commiss







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David Murray Octet

QUEEN ELIZABETH HALL

DAVID MURBAY.

Bandleader, conspore, bravum assophomst, eccasional social-singer, reacher and community-musicum, kicked his English rour off at the QEH, with two hing are statu sent the audience away looking very lepead with themster. Well, he had said we were wonderful, he had said we were wonderful, and music had something to do with the sussified expressions in the figure.

in the foyer.

There was a brisk sense of style about the Octor before they started. Murray's conventional double-breasted suit strangly changed its mind at the lapels; trumpeter Rasul Siddik wor elreadicks and the general appearance of a thriff-store Miss Davis, whils veter an afrost James Spaulding looked oddly chernal (a trick that ex-Basse lead-side Earl Warren could sho pull off). In short, they had pressure.

Then they delivered. The

last time I saw Murray was with a quartet, and it somehow wasn't entirely satisfying. There is something about his playing - maybe his ability to work throughout the register of the instrument, from a deep growl to a high shriek, and his abilies to use this as a demansion of style - that requires in to seem to be clawing its way out of its context rather than creating it, the need for a broader springboard than that provided by line-plus-rhythm This the Ocear format offers

This the Octet format offe

and it also gives Murray the opportunity to declare himself as composer/arranger and bandleader. These are two different things.

His writing provides much of the basis for the Octre. Some of it was familiar from the flood of music he's placed on record—the interiore 'Dewey's Carcle' the's no square or the sharp, Ornette-influenced 'Hopescope' Octasionally at wasn't, like the newer 'Dart Man', which chugs modify through an uncertain streets-cape.

But the writing isn't everything - how Murray leads the band is vital to its success. There is wade space for solo voices like Craig Harris's frombone: now a dissonant series of blasts, now a enoughpe echo of Tricky Sam, even occasionally - and deliberately - burbling through a water-logged slide Or Graham Havnes who sometimes looks like an apprentice within this hardedged crew but whose corner can cut its way through the fiercest competition. But as well as individually, solo youres are often combined, sometimes via the leader's preentlypointed finger, riffs emerge from the back of the stage to support a soloist; there's the sense that some aspects of this music are being invented whilst you warch and listen.

It's well-programmed too, so that bassist Wilher Morris's ribute to Mingus, "Chazz", spreading treeff and making occurity reference to many of the voices Mingus admired, is followed by Murray's blussering, don't-get-sentimentalover-me version of "Blues In The Porker".

This is music that is thoroughly up-to-date, yet reflects how it has come about, and therefore holds a sense of tradition. It reaches back to some impecuably intellectual credentials, but also refers strongly to a tradition much less honoured, of those fierce, bluesy outfies led by James Moody. Gene Ammons, Illinois Jacquet and, in that period, by Johnny Hodges. So it was also showtime, folks ... Maybe that's why we were smiling.

Marilyn Crispell

LONDON JAZZ CAFE

UNLIKE THE number 73 bus that takes you to the door, the Jazz Cafe (voced North London's most fashton-shle broom cupbendi') has no policy on standing customers. So though the acoustics from yn table seek were fine, the visuals were not so good. This matters with music as demanding as Marthyn Crispelli's, when eventually the view gor clearer, so did the music.

The trio improvisation is restrained to begin with the torrent starts after Marcao Martos's bass solo. Eddie Prevosr's drums are free, but just occasionally to these ears suggest a Divieland feel - a resolute avoidance of the swing of modern iazz. Marilyn's cadenza has hinrs of Messuen's ayan musings. See two aims at saturation, but after a hectic bass solo the slower motion discloses the morivic side of the pianist's playing. More orthodox probably than mentor Cecil Taylor, she uses her left-hand to 'comp' much of the time. Because the sound is so dissonant, though, you might need to see this before you'd bear it. In contrast to Taylor's dry attack, there's quite a bit of sustaining pedal, and the crystalline clarity of the lines sometimes gets sub-

merged.

There are those (the Gorespossleu's correspondent in a recent review for instance) who stell believe that the music of the Cecil Taylor school is chuotor and "lacks architecture". This simplisair opinion confuses dissonance with formlessness. With Marilyn Crispell, as with Taylor, there are temporary key-centers and themes that develop 1/s harder for the listener to follow these but there if you're at a Marilyn Crispell 2gg you're probably

not into Radio Two.
Crouched low over the keys,
and very diffident withal,
Marilyn Crupell makes an unlifedy virtuous. She is one, all
the same. There must also be a
lot of inner determination,
coping with an unkind scene
that resists her demanding
kind of music. This was an
audience of enthusianses,
though, who I hope left, as I
did, feeling they understood
her music better.

ANDI HAMILIO

Edgard Varèse Amériques and Déserts

LONDON ROYAL FESTIVAL HALL

EDGARD VARÈSE seems to be a flavour of the moment. Hitherto a well-kent secret amonest improvising percussionists, Zappa-freaks and devotees of "contemporary" classical music (ie he emerged in the 20s and died in 1965, a contemporary of Jelly Roll Morton). September's Brave New Worlds festival. celebrating the "Rebellious Generation of 1945-68", featured Varèse on successive Sunday nights. Conductors were Pierre Boules and Simon Rar-

Post-modern orthodoxy was predictably outraged, sts much-vaunted pluralism drawing the line at anything that shows up the blandness of its predilections. The Guardian



and Channel Four were awash with "leaked" news of the low ticket sales for Boulez. Those inuted to free improvisation's tiny audiences and lack of media support merely expected excellent music: as it was, a stalls-only RFH packed in a good 600.

Rattle rather crassly stoked ticket sales by coupling his Varies with Beechoven's North It filled the hall but made little sense, prompting walk-outs and lare arrivals. Beethoven's stentorian juggle with baroque formality and displaced invention is an acknowledged moment in the evolution of bourgeois music: Varèse is ver

to be understood. Received opinion states that the taped interludes in Diarts sound "dated", but this is just "real instrument" snobbery The sounds seemed to emborrass Rattle, the CBSO and the audience equally, as if the act of listening, stripped of the pageant of score/conductor/ orchestra, is something obscene. The hole-in-themiddle stereo and bluered body-noises might raise a smile, but the results are enthralling. For anti-mystical, dada insistence on the brute impact of noise, and a naive vision of the possibilities of the new, Désett - tape and all - is unbeatable. Rattle's reading was precise, not stupid, though the musicians did not share his energy.

Pierre Boulez showed greater interest in his material. setting Claude Debussy's Jeax next to Olivier Messian's Chronschronus and his own Natations next to Varèse's Awingues. The Young German Philharmonic was subdued during a tightly unswooning Debussy, but showed evident enthusiasm for the more modern pieces: a crack orchestra under an astonishing conductor Messiven has never sounded so clear. creative and secular. Netatrons,

a scientifically murilated Systphonie Fantastique, showed fu-

ture directions Boulez's conducting of Amériques was a rejument. It is a tense piece, jagged with violence, a continual expectation of final decimation. It left everyone shattered. What does everyone else do in the playing of scored music? Most of the time unfortunitely not this HEN BUATROOM

Andy Sheppard & Keith Tippett/

Balanescu Ouartet LONDON QUEEN ELIZABETH HALL

THE MOST reliable evidence for the sesthetic probity of free improvisation is aronically, that category of performances where it patently doon't work. One thinks of Anthony Braxton's London reunion with Musica Elettronica Viva some years ago, where the master saxonhonist was reduced to scattering beloop riffs and incomprehensible verbal scars; or Lee Konitz's duck-in-thunder appearances with Company.

The Balanescu Quarter's third-set collaboration with the now well-established duo of Keith Tippett and Andy Sheppard fell into an intriguing middle ground where what worked was a kind of inspired parallelism (something alone the lines of one, or rather two, of Cage's "simultaneous" compositions) rather than as a genuine improvisatory moment. The quartet are now seasoned eclectics, with some intriguing collaborations (The Pet Shop Boys being only the most improbable) in their steadily more impressive CV. Their opening scored set was superbly played but offered a

rather poorly modulated selec-

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tion of material, which might have benefited from something cleaner in lines and sparser than the heavy serial chromaticism and dense, immobile barmony which highlights their cohesion as a unit at the expense of more individual flourishes

John Lurie's theme from Steamort Then Paradise is exquisirely inconsequential. Heard in isolation from Jim Jarmusch's film images, it loses something of its gentle mixture of sentimentality and menace. Ornette's Ports And Writers is a brown choice. On the surface, at this distance from the rather odd rurn in his formings that prompted it it has a remarkably unfashionable finish. In his programme note, Alex Balanescu describes the Grand Harmolodist's rehearsal injunction to forget the interplay of lines in order that each performer mov concentrate on his/her own, an experiment tried rather more literally by composers as wildly different as Wolfgang Rihm, Elliott Car-

how especially to the point in this context A new quarter by Philan Glass isn't normally something that sets the pulse racing. What was striking about this one was a strain of emotionalism (explained by the dedication to a dead painter friend) that lifted the music above its usual ABC logic and towards something genuinely moving. The final flourish, an arrangement by Scottish-born cellist Tony Hinnigan of Paco de Lucia's Entra Dot Aguat, was a good Kronos gesture, but underlined just how much nware there is in this band.

ter. Gavin Bryars, but some-

Long may they work on it. Tipperr is almost always at his best in duo situations. where the level of intimacy. even in a barn like the OFH becomes part of the musical information. At the outset, he and Shennard seemed an unlikely combination but the album seems to have silenced the doubters and the act transfore well to a big street. The Taylor analogies seem more and more irrelevant when dealing with Tippett's pianoplaying. He remains, as does Sheppard, an essentially harmonic player, relatively uninterested in exercising the percussive tendencies of lone. atonal lines. Nonetheless he has replaced a conception of harmonic invention that is basically vertical with one that is promisingly threedimensional, opening up spaces. stretching out the periodicity of an idea with unbelievable control (akin to warching a piece of elastic being stretched to snapping point) and then daring a sudden transition into

It's the confidence of those reansirions that is so impressive in the Sheppard/Tippett duo. Like all top-drawer improvisers, they seem to communicate at some telepathic pitch, as they did midway through the first passage when, from totally different directions they arrived simultaneously and at some speed or a dramatic Fe figure that re-emerged inverted a few minutes later. Are they aware of doing this? Or is that missing the point?

completely different territory.

By contrast, the final free-forall, however well-intentioned. didn't come off, curiously recalling Tippere's uneasy "strings" experiments with Marcio Martos and Roberto Bellatalla. Even so, there was more to listen to and admire here than in half-audozen more polished performances.

BRIAN MORTON









































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art longa Time is catching up on its premier keeper,

Art Biakey. US critic Francis Davis has a rare audience with the great

grand-daddy of the big beat. Archive photo by Bill Wagg.

"I w A S sick, but I'm getting better," Art Blakey told me, without naming a specific ailment, when I visited him in his Greenwich Village penthouse apartment this summer.

In 1964, when Blakey was still in his mid-40s but already regarded as a hard bop father figure, Blue Note titled one of his albums Industrictible. For decades, the word fit. But now, at 70 — white-haired, stooped, and with a weak handshake — Blakey no longer seems immervious to time.

In his right ear, he wore the hearing aid he was firred with a few years ago, has which he exchess oursage. "I fee the witherians through the floor, just like Beethoven," he said, aggredy lowering himself into a stuffed chair in his spacious living room. That's all music is, anyway. Vibrations." He spacke is a low, pheligmy woice that mead nee remembers, and space and the pheligmy woice that mead nee the semantic of of a source deposit his better?

Blakeys physical deterioration thecked me into asking formulaic questions—most of which I had to respect several times, and several of which I finally had to yell. He laughed frequently—not by making a sound, but by throwing book his head and showing his teeth—as though self-amissed by the disagrencous ring of some of his asswers, as when I asked him why drummers made such good bandleaders (think not only of levels, lack Delbotters—).

"I just play and try to make a showcase for the youngsters, so they can hope their art."

Asked if he considers himself a teacher (he is always spoken of that way), he protested, "Hell, no. How can I he, if I don't tell them what to play." On the other hand, he answered a question about whether, for purposes of cameraderie, he ever wished that the musicians in his band were closer to his own ace, "Can't reach old does now tricks."

And when I pointed out to him that so many of the musicans who have priends but and in the last reve decleads have been graduates of college music programmen (in contrast to their prefectors, who were self-rangh, like Blakey, binstell), he joked, "When I came along, you couldn't mention jazir in colleges. So there's been progress. Youngstree today go, learn theory, learn harmony. Then they graduate, join the Messengers, and start their tell education." But he pointed with an autodishee's violatein on his own honoursy degrees from the New Bagland Conservatory Of Musica and Beliefee School Of Music. "They're over there, bound in leather, on top of the pano, if you such to look at them."

Blakey's relationship with his young sidemen is one of tough love (though - the painful truth - for the last few years,



they've been carrying bim). "I tell them what not to play. They're not youngsters. They're young men, old enough to make babies. I treat them that way." He admits to nudging them out of the Messengers when he feels they're overdue to start their own bands.

The position of music director (held over the years by Horace Silver, Benny Golson, Wayne Shorter, and Bobby Watson, among others) is strictly titular, Blakey told me when I asked him what the qualifications for the job were.

"I'm the real music director back there. I'm the one directing the traffic," he said, suddenly adamant, "Bur I like to give each of my men some responsibility, and the ones you mentioned were prolific composers,"

How come Blakey himself hasn't composed more?

"I compose," he protested. "Don't you think I don't. I'm composing on drums up there." But composition in the formal sense?

"Give them the chance to do it." he shrugged.

"WANT SOME apple pie?" Blakey asked me, putting our conversation on a different footing. "Best in New York! From Balducci's!" he said temptingly, naming a well-known Village gourmet shop, "You know what they say about Balduccis. Spend a hundred dollars there and you can fit what you buy in the glove compartment of your car. Daniel, bring him some pie. And bring me a cigarette."

What the hell, the interview wasn't going anywhere anyway.

The strapping German fellow who handles Blakev's bookings from an office just off of the kitchen brought pie for me and an ashtray with a Marlboro Light already burning in it for Blakey. In the background, the radio was tuned to WBGO-FM. The disc jockey gave details of a public memorial service for pianist Walter Davis, Ir. a two-term Messenger who had died of liver and kidney failure three days earlier, at 57.

Taking shallow drags on the cigarette, Blakey started bitching about his recent ex-wife, who had left him two years earlier, taking back to Canada with their two adonted children and (Blakev says) a large sum of money that was supposed to have been set aside for his business taxes.

"I had four wives. They were all jealous of me," he rasped conspiratorily, balling his fingers into a fist and adding, "they weren't interested in Art Blakey as a man. The last one told me You make more money in one night than my father made in a year'. Well, whose fault was that? He could have been Prime Minister of Canada, couldn't he? Wasn't nothing stopping him. He was Caucausian.

"I miss Buddy Rich," he said suddenly, apropos of nothing in particular, as the radio played something by Freddie Hubbard. "The year before he died, I saw him at a festival in Europe. I asked him, 'Why don't you go somewhere and retire, old man? All those heart bypass operations you had," You know what he said to me? He pointed to the stage and said. "There's no place else I want to be." "

Taking advantage of his reflective mood, I asked Blakey

about his days as a teenage singer and pianist in Pittsburgh. (The story goes that he switched to drums after being intimidated by Erroll Garner.)

"Hell, I wasn't no piano player," he joshed. "I just sat at the piano and knocked out a few chords. It was a means of escape. There was child labour in my day. I started work in the coal mines when I was 11. I was by myself, no brothers or sisters. It was tough, but I had to be tougher. My mother died when I was five months old. I never even saw a picture of her. Her best friend took care of me. They got married in the church, my mother and my father. He sat my mother in a carriage. said wait here while I go to the drug store and buy a cigar. They told me she sat there nine hours waiting for him to come back. He ran off to Chicago with some other chick, because she was too dark for him. He was a mulatro. Lived to be 103. Must have been a hell of a man. He loved me but couldn't accept me as his own, because of the times. When I met him later on, I wouldn't even talk with him, because he wouldn't act like a man.

"My first child was born when I was 13. I never abandoned my kids. I love children. I fathered seven. I adopted seven. That makes 14. I don't remember how many grandchildren I have. I haven't met them all vet. But I'm a great, great grandfather," he said, coughing between "great"s. "So that's my life. I have no regrets. I've had a ball. I've outlived some of my children. I've outlived some of my grandchildren. I've outlived most of my contemporaries.

"Somebody dies - crocodile tears! Liars!" he fairly seethed. "I didn't go to Monk's funeral. I loved him. He and I were like brothers, birthdays one day apart in October, But I didn't go to his funeral. People asked me why. I said the day somebody comes back from the dead and says to me, 'Oh, what a beautiful funeral they gave me, that's the day I'll start going to them. Nature takes its course. Slowing up, retiring. You're born, you die. It's what you do in between.

IN PARTING, I asked Blakey if he'd read Miles Davis's autobiography (in which Miles accuses Blakey of once having fingered him to narcotics agents, back when both of them were still using).

"I ain't got time to read that. That's garbage, I read books I can get knowledge from, the Koran, the Torah, the Bible from 'Genesis' to 'Exodus'," he said, sweeping his arms toward a shelf full of what appeared to be books on World War II.

I told him what Miles had said about him. "Did he spell my name right? Good."

Downstairs, in the lobby, the security guard was listening

to a vibrant uptempo tune on the radio. It could have passed for something by the Messengers, circa 1978, except for something that was missing. It turned out to be the Harper Brothers, the band co-led by drummer Winard and trumpeter Philip Harper (a recent Messenger).

Thanks to the many successive generations he's sired, there will always be bands that sound like Blakey's. But how could there ever be somebody else like him?



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Brian Priestley dissects the art of jazz biography, as practised in recent books on Kenny Clarke,

Benny Goodman and Lionel Hampton.

FOR SUCH a collective music as jazz has always been, it's surprising how much we focus on individuals. Look at magazines such as this, and check the pieces about "The Drum Machine In Jazz" or "Bebop Influences On R&B" compared to features on "My latest/rediscovered/deceased Hero". In book publishing, the situation is as much or more polarised, because biographies are what the public (that means you and me) actually buys. While writers can get tired of writing biographies, as two of the three authors below perhaps already have, we don't rire of teading them.

Apart from anything else, a well-done biography becomes the vehicle for learning about so much more than its apparent subject. Naturally it's a tricky choice for the writer to decide the exact amount of background and contextualisation - concerning. for example, the state of the music and music business, relations between the races, developments on a particular instrument at a particular period. Even the ready-made chronological structure may be less than a boon. except for autobiographers, not enough may be known about the protagonist's origins (and nevet enough to "explain" his or her genius) while the last part of the innings can be less than sensational. Added to which, the perennial problem of writing meaningfully about the powet of music is here especially pressing - not much point memorialising someone unless the readers gain new insights into their own liking for the musician. Scoring highly by most of these indicators

is Mike Hennessey's long-gestated book on Kenny Clarke, the innovative drummer who led the house-band at Minton's and lit up the first Gillespie big-band, the original MJO and countless record dates Klook: The Story of Kenny Clarke (Quartet, £19.95) fulfils expectations on the insight front, and simultaneously rescues Klook from the faint praise of the "historically significant" categoory. Hennessey was a friend of the drummer for a couple of decades until his death in 1985, and has had access to his posthumous papers. Together with the enthusiastic recollections of a host of famous associates, he has



belob's proper drammer.

successfully probed the depths of a gentle, dedicated, proud but private person, and revealed in passing some painful memories for other figures such as Annie Ross or Max Roach Often, though, I wanted to know more,

for instance about how much the Clarke-Boland band was subsidised by the catering business of manager Gigi Campi. And I was disappointed to find a musician-author quoting so many witnesses about general aspects of Klook's playing and not relating them to even a single recorded performance. Only a handful of individual tracks are mentioned in the entire book, often for someone else's contribution, and it's strange to find Horace Silver specifying a record session where Clarke forgot his hi-hat cymbals - especially when hi-hat cymbals are heard throughout the session concerned. The overabundance of quotation makes the author too self-effacing; but Hennessey is an excellent journalist, and his highly readable text does justice to a worthy sobject

Doubling on vibraphone was one of

Clarke's early specialities, with which he made his mark in New York before the arrival there of Lionel Hampton, though it was actually Milt Jackson who caused Klook to give up the vibes. Undeniably, though, fellow drummer Hampton was the one who gave the instrument a voice in jazz through his work with Louis Armstrong and then Benny Goodman, Hamp (Robson, £14.95) doesn't adequately convey this, perhaps because his music is so instructual and perhaps because this is autobiography "as told to James Haskins".

Haskins claims to have done over 80 books, mainly about black "achievers" and, as with his works on the Cotton Club and Nat King Cole (the only others I've read), there is much salutary information on the difficulties faced by black musicians of earlier generations. There's quite a bit on Hampton's involvement in politics, which turns Richard Nixon into "my old friend (who) really looked after blacks, but it wasn't in direct ways that people could understand". There are also various factual goofs, the worst occurring in one of the few minuscule discussions of music: Haskins's rendering of Hampson gives as an example of the "campmeeting beat, a backbear that's traditional" his famous ballad, "Midnight Sun",

Hampton doesn't ask himself what his career would have been like if he and Teddy Wilson had not joined Benny Goodman as the first two blacks to be featured on stage with a white hand. But he does observe that Goodman "didn't have to hire Teddy or me. he hired us because we made his kind of music". James Lincoln Collier's Benny Goodman And The Swing Era (Oxford, £15.00) does grapple with the question of how such an uptight, insensitive, even paranoid man could be at times such a natural pazzer. Incidentally, one of Kenny Clarke's hitherto private comments is "Ask every so-called 'white' musician if he's on the back of a black, and . . . he'd probably throw his horn or his sticks in the East River and run like a chief chould"

Goodman is one of the handful of whites during the period in question to whom this is unfait. He took elements that were already in the air, but his combination of decorative melody and emotive hear - plus, of course technical brilliance - just did not evice before he put it together. Collier, though hardly the musician that Hennessey is faccording to the tape I've heard, anyway), documents Goodman's musical achievement in detail and discusses individual solos and hand performances. A pity that he didn't also point to the influence Teddy Wilson had on Benny's style - see, for instance, the solo shown in the Gree Dationary where Goodman plays a flatted-fifth substitution (in 1935 already!). And strange that Collier thinks Winthron Sargeant's theories only apply to early jazz, but that says more about his lack of appreciation of later jazz than his understanding of Goodman, which is considerable

If Haskins has cornered the black personality market. Collier was described, by a British publisher who declined the chance to release the Goodman book over here (not through any influence of mine), as being "the back of the jazz world". In one sense, his Goodman book is another typical demystification of a revered figure, but more soundly based - in breadth of interview sources and in circumspect editorialising - than Collier's controversial Atmstrong and Ellington efforts. He does, however, ride his hoars hobby-horse that European listeners have not been (a) more pro-iazz and (b) less anti-black than Americans, both ideas convincingly nailed by Hennessey. And he invents another one, namely that the Austin High gang can be blamed for the idea that jazz is art and not

One other beef, about the title. A while go Gollier was bend (again on nap by persulating that Gouther Schuller's book Tessing Ene (Wen Of) could not recoup in costs, but calling this volume BG Aut Tessing Ene (Wen Of) could not recoup in the sound that the country of the title propolecy. In no sease does Gollier give more than the net exessing background for understanding the lero – it would be equally imappropriate to call the Hennessey book Remy Clark And The Big Ene. That said, this is substantial and recommendable read.

PRINT RUN

The Were guide to good residing. THE FABER COMPANION TO 20TH CENTURY

POPULAR MUSIC: PHIL HAROY & DAVE Laine (ens) (Ealer (20): The Penettin ENCYCLOPARDIA OF POPULAR MUSIC: DONALO CLARKE (ED) (Perrain £25). With both books clocking in at over 3lbs, this is a real bettle of the heavyweights, and the Penguin (1400 pages/3000 entries) has a distinct edge over the Faber (900 pages/2000 entries). The Faber is better-designed and easier to read, but the Penguin nacks much more detail into its entries and - practically a KO punch - also provides an index. Both have glaring omissions - Gang Of Four. Youssou N'Dour, Cecil Taylor (Faber); Gregory Issaes, Lee Perry (Penguin) - and both are inclined to favour mainstream 50s and 60s rock, pop and soul at the expense of, say, Latin, reggae, punk and Euro-noise - no Gilberto Gil. Raincoats, or Einsturgende Neubauren in either book. Both books also sport an alarming number of factual errors Penguin has Edward not James Fox in Perforward: Faber has Anthony Braxton's burthday as 6 April instead of 4 June. As for differences. Penguin has much the wider selection of iazz arrists and sounds more authoritative about them; Faber is stronger on film music. I make Penguin the easy winner on points and the scorecard for the last round shows why: Faber's Z entries are Zappa, the Zombies and Z. Z. Top; Penguin has those Nas Florian Zabach, Zaiko Langa Langa, Joe Zawinul, Danny Zeitlin, Warron Zevon, Ziglibithy, John Zorn and Zydeco.

THE BLACKWELL GUIDE TO BLUIS RE-COROS: PAUL OLIVER (20) (Blackwell 114.95); BLUIS FILL THIS MORNING: MEANING IN THE BLUIS: PAUL OLIVER (Cambridge University Press 129.95). The Blackwell Guide is a missterly survey of essential blues recordings, from early spintuals and work sones to the recent deep soul of O V Wright and Oris Clay There are chapters on the various territories, periods and genres of blues (classic blues, boogie-woogie, R&B, post-war Chicago, zydeco, etc, etc), each written by an expert in the field and each organised discographically - so that each chapter consists of an in-depth analysis of the major works, supplemented by an annotated discography of other important recordings. Authoritative, concise, clearly-written, the book meets the needs of both newcomers and aficianados alike. The same may also be said of Blues Fell This Marning. Paul Oliver's classic study of blues lyrics. First published in 1960, this new edition has been revised but retains its original format, with chapters presented around such torics as sexual metaphor, railroad songs, hoodoo, gambling, domestic disputes, gaol songs, natural disasters, sickness and poverty. Oliver skilfully weaves together social insight and aestherics, elimpsing through the poetry of the sones much of the barsh reality of black life. His book remains the definitive study of blues background and imagery.

SEARCHING FOR ROBERT JOHNSON: PETER GURAINICK (Secher & Warkers £9.95). The author of Super Soul Muser and Feel Like Gaine How collects together all the known facts about legendary bluesman Robert Johnson and adds a few thoughts of his own on "the mystery of his art" and the parallels with Shakespeare (chiefly in terms of their humble origins and shadowy lives). His enthusiasm for Johnson's music is engaging, but this is really an extended essay (small formar; 64 pages plus discography) which would have made a good-value £3 paperback: by making it a £9.95 hardback Secker & Warburg show again the idiocy of UK publishers who refuse to go straight into paperback. Better to wait for Mack McCormick's long-anticipated Johnson study. Biseraphy Of A Phanton. much-quoted here and source - generously acknowledged - for most of Guralnick's information

rhythm-a-lingo Rhyther at a largester

too, save M-Base saxest Stere Coleman, Karen Bennett intertrees for the man whe'll be trying to balance James Brown, Charlie Parker, form, emotion and the Fire Elements

at Landon's Jazz Lymany Personal this month. Photo by Lean Fember.

Le. L. were very clever and bad unlimited time. I would do a form-mittors-content type teport of my interview with Steve Coleman.

There would be the sound of fuel trucks, school buses and delivery vans roaring past the corner of Bleecker and Macdougal where we say (somewhat perversely) ourside at a cafe with an Italian name where an Oriental waitress looked at me blankly when I asked for San Pelleurino. There would be the conversation of the two women next to us, which threatened to become interspersed with ours on the tape. There would be glasses and forks and chewing. There would be the tadio inside playing innocuous tunes of the 1970s. And somehow, there would be the guy with the ghoulish rubber mask walking down Bleecker Street at three in the afternoon, ("Is that a mask, or is that his face?" Coleman asks, alarmed. Even this comment would reverb a few times, with "mask" drawn out for several beats. Try it.)

Given the musician/subject, all of the above would be more appropriate than a linear narrative, and I'll let the man tell you why.

"I look at all these people, and I see rhythms. I see different rbythms in different kinds of people. I see this guy walking. I see one rhythm. If I saw some black dude from Bed-Stuy come walking down the street. I'd see another rhythm, I feel different thythms in different people when I talk to them, You can feel it, you can see it, in everything. It's a movement thing, but it's more than that. I used to think all white people are alike, all black people are alike, and I didn't give a fuck if you were lewish, from France, whatever, because that was my perspective; very limited, very narrow. Then when I went travelling around, the first time I went to Europe, I realised all people aten't really alike. I saw a difference in the Norwegians and the Italians. A rhythmic difference as well as just a cultural difference."

The musical corollary to these thoughts can be heard on Coleman's new Novus/RCA release, Rhythm People (The Resurrection Of Creative Black Civilization), wherein all manner of sounds are deployed. There's Coleman rapping on a few cuts. there's Cassandra Wilson keening on "Armageddon (Cold-Blood-Ed)", which Coleman, in a statement he wrote about the album, picks as his favourite tune.



COLEMAN, AS you may well have guessed, in one a traditional thinker of palyer, and a load at his background might shed some light on his unorthodox approach. He was born on Chiago's South Soin 1936, gree we platering to fault, rock, soul and blues, while his father, a Charlie Parker familiarit, sugest him moved juzz. He signed up for a general music class in high school, but by mixtuke ended up in the cockerns with x > 100 m in his blands. He found it eapy to play, as when he was 13. Colemna played in house and finish bands, where the methodolow was peretry cut and divide.

"A James Brown record would come out and we would take off the solos. And then when the band would play the song, everybody would play the exact part that was on the record. I didn't call it transcribing then, but that's what I did."

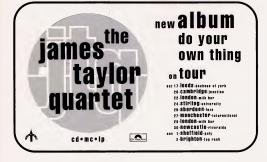
Cokeman, who "didn't know any white people until 1 was 17 or comenhing," the wast off to Illinois Weispra University, where he was the only black person in the music department. When he wanted on join the jazz band, he was told that in order to do so, he had to learn how to improvise. "I went back and looked arm ye encode collection for what records to odd use of all this normal his, Jianus Brown, and then I are vide and all this normal his, Jianus Brown, and then I are vide and all this normal his, Jianus Brown, and then I are vide and all this normal his, Jianus Brown, and then I are vide to the property of the p

said if they say this cat is a genius, he at least has to be good."
And so, with featless naivere, Coleman approached Charlie
Parker's solos in the same manner as he had Macro Parker's. "I
figured this is a lot more complicated, but that's the only way
I knew how to do it. So I jut tried to take every note. I didn't
know the difference between the melody and a solo at the
time."

Duting his summers back home, Coleman did some intensive theory training, and took advantage of all Chicago's music scene had to offer. He went to jam sessions, and discovered Von Freeman, whose work he regards highly. "People tell me I'm crazy, but for me, he's an improviser on the level of Charlie Parker."

As a tesult of immersing himself in Bitd's music and hanging out with players like Freeman and Bunky Gteen, Coleman breezed through ear training in college. And he learned the value of grass roots training.

"I think that's what's missing from a lot of younger player today. They didn't really have a thing that they were involved in or an older group of cast for them to hang around and pickup the stuff finch-hand. I don't mean to make it sound like I'm authentic and a let of cast that went to Berklee aren't, but I don't pur much stock in that Berklee thing. I think it ruins cast more than anything clear. I put more stock in the cast who cast more than anything clear. I put more stock in the cast who landen, like Stew Williamson, have been doine that."



COLEMAN MOVED to New York in 1978, played on the street, and stayed in the YMCA. Then he joined the Thad Jones/Mel Lewis band and went to Europe, and began advancing his personal musical crolls.

advanting his personal musucal style.

"Med iddn't like it, he wasn't into it, he called me the 'ourcar' of the band. But Thad encouraged me and rold me on the side that he thought I was really one of the cast who was going to go somewhere, and take the music somewhere; he rold me to have heart and keep doing what I was doing. It really had a lot of respect for Thad; he encouraged me a lot and Lidder, realle care, when Med I however."

Colleman played in a number of big bands. Slide Hampoxy, Gccill Tpoly's and, mostly, San Rivers A. highlight in his development came when he met drummer Doug Hammond, and started working with his small group, selfcollema calls "probably one of the most creative groups Twe ever been in. Doug had different thyrhmic concepts, moving in a similar line to what I was deling, but they were fix alsoed of

What Coleman was doing was nothing abort of 'trying to go flow of playing that nobley) had done. I was of playing that nobley) had done. I was of playing that nobley) had done. I was interested in doing it like Bird, which is the complete entersturating of the music, all the elements. When I ask of Coleman to elaborate on this a little more specifically, be expressed as all references. When I ask with non-musiciant with non-musiciant with non-musiciant with non-musiciant with non-musiciant person special to the control of the present on the intervent in music, it's reflected up. I show that the present of the intervent in music, it's reflected up. I show that the present in music, it's reflected up. I makes no look countries.

He makes an analogy to having a conversation, and we pursue the rower. If feel like wheth fluid din nerms of the formal elements of masie, the melodic part of it, I don't finish harmony exists to coll it round, the balance between all those different elements, the formal way. I don't want row superfice, has prenty dama good, lose to perfect. I don't call it beloop. I call it first smake or Diary's music, it was the maine of plate prined. What I admirted about Dong was that the understood that what we were trying to do was not change that balance, but pure prenoulise the elements and give our vention, relevant to our time, of that balance. To habance. To habance have were therein and give our vention, relevant to our time, of that balance. To

The best way from this of railing about it is like having a conversation. The English language has a certain structure. The properties of the properties o "Music in life," Colormat continues, and Charlie helter's music is very connected to shart was happening every day and what they were cloing ther, the music was like how they talked and the way they worked. That's why it closure make sense to initize it today. Because we're not living in the same time. These different gows but net playing in these groups do not have the contract of the contract

COLEMAN WANTS it to, so be started Five Elements, which, as his bio cautions, "refers not to the number of (band) members, but to the five elements of life: Earth, Air, Fire,

"At the time," Coleman says, "I didn't have any gigo anything, I certainly want'even remotely well-known, I got people shot were just willing to try some different thir. Just people shot were just willing to try some mids from the trans the try some mass for on other reason than just to try; it. I swant' like they were the perfect people; the only one who had the same ideas at that time was Gribant Balyses; the rest does not easier that it is some clear that time was Gribant Balyses; the rest grid some of the case were playing whatever, that's why the group's changed a lon-

On Rhythm Pople the group is James Weidman, David Gilmore, Reggie Washington, and Marvin 'Smitty' Smith; there are guest appearances by Robin Eubanks, Cassandra Wilson and Dave Holland.

Coleman works with Holland frequently, and notes that "a lot of crirics come up to me and say, 'I like you better in Dave Holland's group', or 'you sound better doing this, or that: I don't look at it like that. I'm doing the same thing as I'm trying to do when I'm in my band. As I'm doing right now talking to you. I'm not changing anythine."

Not yet. But as he notes, "Two Elements has been around for a while, and one thing I notice, even though I have to admir it, is that there are a lot of groups that how picked upton some of the things we've doer, and a lot or findividually not that have picked up on some of the things I've doer, solo-wise. Actually, I don't want to play like this. I'm gonna mowe on to something else."

I had to ask . . .
"I don't know what I'm gonna move on to, I can't say."

selected discography.

Matheriand Paler, 1985, JMT Productions
On The Edge Of Tenureas, 1986, JMT
World Expensive, 1987, JMT
Sine Dr., 1988, Fanges Records
Childre System, 1998, Estat. East

Coher Syntas, 1989, Senta East
Rhythe Pople (The Resurration of Creative Black Civilizative), 1990, Normal
RCA

Dave Holland Quintet: The Resur's Edge, 1987, ECM Records

Dave Holland Trice Triplicate, 1988, ECM Stanley Cowell: Back To The Bousteful, 1989, Concord Jazz Dave Holland Outstee: Extresses, 1990, ECM take five From Kind of Blue to Miles Smiles: the era of the great quintets – with Coltrane, Mobby, Shortor – and the Gill Evans collaborations. In the second of our three-part series on Miles Davis

On Record, Barry Witherden reappraises the modal masterworks and

unearths a few neelected sems from a time when the trumpeter was truly

Miles Ahead. Archive photo by Bill Wagg.

C HARLE PARKER did in March of 1953, and the effect of that event, though hardly unopercent, must have been desidating. Once the shock had worn off, and once the feeling of being manually shandened and leaderless had been assimilated, the first post-bog generation was able to accept that there were possibilities to be expliced out from under British and the control of the control of the shock of the control of the control of the control of the states himself, freed from the besouches it nimitalizing influence of Parker and, since 1954, from the malignancy of a drug dependency.

1955 was, then, a watershed both for jazz and for Miles. His studio year began with a recording by a quartet with two of the future quintet members (Red Garland and Philly Joe Jones) and Oscar Pettiford on bass. It shows Miles at a crucial stage of his development. Frankly, the session is not too good, but it is worth listening to for anyone wanting to understand Davis's evolution at this point. Miles plays thoughtfully, producing nicely-shaped phrases: characteristic is a smooth climb, followed by a sudden interval leap and a rapid but graceful falling back to a point below the start of the phrase. His execution of his ideas still tends to be shaky, though, especially on faster numbers. This is exposed on "Night In Tunisia", but he copes well with a double-tempo passage on "Green Haze", and his uptempo tune "I Didn't". This is a relative of "Well, You Needn't" and may have been a dig at Thelonious Monk with whom he had shared a fascinating, if personally inharmonious, set on Christmas Eve 1954, the last time he was in the studio before this session.

By MID 1955 Miles was big news, after a well-received performance with a psk-up band at the Newport Jazz Festival. This teamed him with Monk again — apparently no problems this time — and was such a success that the time seemed right to form his own regular band. By the auturn Coltrane and Paul Chambers had been added to Garland and Jones. The new quinter first recorded on 27 October for Columbia and later, on 16 November, for Prestige (see below), hur before then Miles cut four numbers with Milt Jackson, Ray Bryant, Perry Hesch and Art Taylor, Jackse Melkan, another of Bird's special protegies, was added on two of the tunes, his own "Minor March" and "De Jackse". Bags is the most Benert and authorizative soloist, reliabaing his day off from the MJQ, but Miles and McLean account from the MJQ, but

If Sonsy Rollins was not available to join the Quinter, as least Miles got to record with him for Prestige in March 1956. The session produced three tracks, released as half of Collina's line. The rhythm section was the same excellent unit which would feature on Trance Scians Supi. Tomny Hanagan, Art Taylor, and Chambern. Rollins takes time off from being a sax colouss and turns in a good pobling performance, generally restrained and doversiting well with Miles's controlled and section playing.

Much as I like these Pessige sets, neither matches the artatics staume of two later sessions where Miles was theoretically under the direction of other people. Louis Malle had badgered Dovi to soon his nameful empt thriller I Austeans Para I: Tabidana! Terustrually Miles agreed and, along with the fine band he was working with at the Club Sc Germains (coronical Strange Wiles, Rose Urrieger, Fierer Michalet and few hours. Sween) of the picca set finegenerately had also fully related artistically, standing up perfectly well when dowceed from the images.

Just over three months liser, in March 1998, Miles recorded Southsing Elic for Blue Note: so not of Dilan Adderley's Five Seas. Adderley, by then a member of Miles's quincer, always note to the childrage of playing with Davis or Coltenae and was at this point more fluent than either, if less of an explorer. There are tracks, nor lesset the opening "Antumn Leaves", which merit an article in themselves. As on Kind Of Blue and Milestone Adderley demonstrates an ability to be simul-



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taneously funky, graceful, muscular and pretty. Miles plays exceptionally well, with more assurance than ever before, and, despite Cannonball's excellence, stamps the music with the impression that the session was a Davis venture.

Both of these should be in your collection. L'Azenseav, full of lean, quintessential Milesian playing, has the more airy, modal feel (and is a crucial work for the pointers it gives) but the Addetely album, norwithstanding the complexity of some of the compositions and arrangements, has a loose-limbed charm.

THE FIRST Ouintet album is the least satisfactory. It opens with "Just Squeeze Me". Davis showing an almost casual command of his resources, but by the standards we expect today the band does not sound very accomplished: tempi can be limp rather than relaxed, and there are frequent stumbles. Trane, though playing in a much sparer manner than later, sounds almost loquacious next to Davis, yet, notwithstanding a big tone, there is an obvious lack of confidence. Their limitations as instrumentalists (as opposed to musicians) should not obscure the adventutous nature of the enterptise. Davis and Coltrane were exploring outside the chordal rat-runs of hatd bop, preparing the way for the New Wave in which Trane was to be simultaneously master and pupil but which Davis was to condemn, though developing his own kind of free jazz with the 60s quintet, with its use of rhythm, harmony and melody as virtual equals. And the version of "Stablemates*, until Garland enters after the theme, sounds eetily like the early Otnette quartet, lithe and weightless.

The other four Prestige allows. Relaxiv', Stammer, Worker and Code's were crossed on 11 May and 26 October 1950. Consisting primarily of first takes and made to faffil the Prestige contrast, a Malle had already algored with Columbia, they are far from the off-hand pot-bodien that this situation offen produces. Though there is still the excessional lip of the off-produced produced to the continual tip of the "Trane's Bloom," I fall Notion, "Surrey With The Frigar On Tray and "Well Yaw Norder' Mide is pooled and incident, Chambers and Gorland elegant, and Trane a trifle ragged but powerful and rivering.

With the Prestige Commitment discharged Miles sarred recording equalship for Columbia (released on Fonusas and Phillips in Basupes before the CBS hield was created) and it was with this company that the hand would really flower. After the first three sessions, which produced Renad Alusa Madaglat, Trans leff and, in March 1957, Miles diabashed the genome. When he cited to reassemble it in the sactumn one one was variable, but Canandall gave up his two ang people to discharge the control of the con

The Plaza dare, brisk and brassy, is closer to Milestoner than the rarefied Kind Of Blue, whose pasted delicacy bespeaks considerable preparation: in fact Miles allowed the others no preparation, springing the material on them just before the excoding began. It seems almost immored that something to men prefiction should be created off the culf. But, of course, Males had thought long about what he wanted, and conveyed that effectively to the adherent. I needs't Gwell on Midnisses and Kind Of Blue. They are well accepted as classics, and rightly to. Similar comments apply to the Culdiborations with Gil Evans from this petiod. Milde Abbad, Shoulde Of Spain and Pengy And Blue reastine the finest works of their kind, though Quint Night, assembled from officus against Milde's and Gil's wither, should be setudiously worked.

TODAYIT seems as if the development of Miler's band after 1957 was seemless, a stelle but evolving group producting in self-contained abuns it warn like ther. Until at least 1965 sidemen came and were with bewelldering frequency was promoted by the contraction of the contraction

The Stockholm album, with Trane, Wynton Kelly, Chambers and Iimmy Cobb, was cut on a tout a few weeks before Trane left the band for good, though he did record two tracks with Miles when the band was in flux a year later, in March 1961. These are available on Someday My Prince Will Come. Garland was perfect for the 50s quinter, but Kelly was needed now, an imaginative player with a wider range than Garland. Cobb was a lighter, less tough drummet than Philly Joe (it is, incidentally. Cobb on the Plaza session, despite what the sleeve says) yet capable of a telentless quality, prodding rather than driving the time. Prove is a significant album, with Trane and Hank Mobley shating the title track. Mobley is good, but Coltrane cuts through like the proverbial hot knife through low fat spread. Mobley is out for "Teo", a dark piece on which Coltrane is chillingly hypnotic. We hear Trane preparing to burst out of the form, and Miles probing for the next direction

"Teo' appears as "Noo" on the two albums taped at San Fancisco's Blackhawkin April 1961. These have always been favourites of mine. Strangely, the front-line solso on "Noo" would, if mixed over the backings Miles used in the 70s, fit without juring. It is fishionable to belitzle Molkey's stay in the band and no dimniss that period as one of sugeration for constructed, and if the music is not betaking new ground it is far from stalt. These are bangley entertaining essions.

Heard Round The World also catches the band in transition as fat as the sax chair goes. George Coleman (of whom more in a moment) had gone, Wayne Shorter was about to settle in two years after Miks first invited him, and Sam Rivers sax in for a while. He recorded with the band in Tokyo on 14 July 1964.

continued on page 47

enia



BARBARA DENNERLEIN, ANDY SHEPPARD, MITCH WATKINS & MARK MONDESIR: Hot Stuff LP: 6050-1

LP 6050-1.

Battara Dennerien's prevous Eng abum "Stanght Ahead" (LP; 5077-1.

C): 5077-2) was enthuspatically received by audiences and orbics elete in live 64 Ben Westen described her "purport vision to bette on bette on the was an "intriguing and powerful stiff", end she was the winner in the New Star Collegory of the 1990 Down Beal Internetioned Jazz Chris 5611. "Int Staff" is an exorting step fewered for Berbers Dennerien, with an all-ster quenter feeturing Avdy Shappara, Mahn Valstrar and Mark Mendairs.



WAYNE KRANTZ foat, LENI STERN, HRAM BULLOCK & DENNS CHAMBERS: Signals CD: 8048-2



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HAT HUT RECORDS PRESENTS

FRANZ KOGLMANN

ORTE DER GEOMETRIE

A NOTE ON FRANZ KOGLMANN

the notifie, and, thus, life itself – is a distortion of things as they are." Such areafive distortion can be mild or willful, healing or harmful, surprising or simply reas-Though music is the most abstract of art forms, Though music is the most abstract or an rooms, franz Koglmann's music is unique because if is uncommonly literal ... which is not to say program-matic or pictorial. It is somehow misleading, as it is Marten, Duke Ellington, Charles Mingus, Gil Evans, George Russell, because he is as different from them

as they are from each other But like them, his compositions are rich in beautifully ambiguous images, which originate in a place so personal that they allow us to respond to them personally. They exist as substance and suggestion, in his magical ability to blur the distinctions between form lintellecti and teeling femotion).

Each of his recordings on hat ART is a special.

distinct experience, with its own particular moments of drama, seduction, mystery. They inhabit so many varying moods and modes precisely because of his - and to share his creative instincts with strong musicians, who become not interpreters but collabora-SOO H

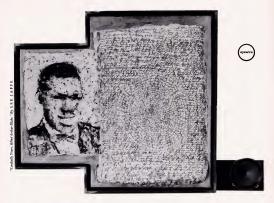
For all of its poetic ambience - sounds which enderstand shadows but brave the clear light of day - his is a deeply human music, a triumph of character - Art Lange January 1990

FRANZ KOGŁMANN

Fronz Koglmonn: ABOUT YESTERDAY'S EZZTHETICS ORTE DER GEOMETRIE A WHITE UNE Inew release!

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woke up this morning, i was hanging on the wall

Le I JAFFE was born in New York in 1950, lived in Jamaica for 15 years (where he played with Beb Mately almais for 15 years (where he played with Beb Mately almost worked as a record producer before he moved into the art field. In the 1980s, he had single person exhibitions in New York. Lo Angeles, Helainkl, Paris and London and contributed to such group above as Artistic Gall Against US Internetion In Central America and Razit America Gooth New York, 1983) and A New Neuriti (Newwastle, 1990).

His series of works, Condully Yuar, Bland Willto McTull (recently exhibited at Isodon's Waness Devereux Gallery), combines images and sounds of traditional blues players, including Robert plohnou, Blind Lemon Jeffersen and Blind Arthur Blake (above). Attached to each image is a speaker which plays that musician's songs. Each tage lates for 30 minutes, it begins at normal speed and volume, alony increase.

The blues musicians, explains Jaffe, represent the roots of contemporary jazz and rock, and "the gradual decline of the music is an analogy for the loss of culture".

plain clothes guitarist

Axeman Andy Summers swapped the glamorous life of a pop Policeman for a humbler career in jazz. Mike Fish hears about the champagne bottle and the Playboy bunny . . . Photo by Merton/Gauster.

M o s r o r the leading figures in roday's guitar music have come from a jaz background: Socified, Frietd, McLuaghlin, Metheny, Abercrombie, Sharpe, Bailey, all of them personalising jazz origins with their differing techniques or technologies. They might have appencited in rhythm and blues bands but their genuine formative playing was done to a jazz temperament.

In this company, Andy Summers stands out as the excepion. Most of his professional career has been spent as a rock musician ar varying levels. Having hacked it for a range of employers an disparase as Zoor Moore, Kevin Coyne and Kevin Ayers, he began working in 1977 with two other players in a group called Strontium 90, which latter changed in same to The Police. For a band thas weened such anaptican appointment on the control well for themselvaments. The Police work of the Police of the Police of the Police of the Police work well for themselvaments. The Police work on 100 do next well for themselvaments.

Summers wa always the rechmerce of the group. He was the one who introduced an echo unit into their soand which the one who introduced an echo unit into their soal which resulted in the glistening treatures of such his as Walking On The Moon. I one thend The Police soundenchesing as one of their high-venue gigs and listened to Summers improvise a hope consoleque of chools by himself their was a compelling as any of Strag's songs. He is in love with the possibilities of the upstar. If he seemed like the third man of the trip, it's difficult to criviage how they would have sounded without him.

When The Police turned in their badges in 1985, the guitarist had already made strides towards a different objective. He released two LPs with Robert Fripp, I Advance Marked

and Bewitzbad, which explored the kind of ratified art-rock textures that Pripp was bound up in, and followed those with a song record, XYZ, that didn't create much of a ripple. At that point, Andy could have got himself a Sammy Hagar and probably a few middleweight hit rock records. He chose instead to concentrate on the guitar.

"I FEEL I'm in the early stages of it," he says, over a late breakfast of waffles and coffee. "All I ever wanted to do was play guitar like this when I was 15 or 16. I ended up playing with R&B groups but it was jazz that I was interested in. I played classical guitar for a long time. Rock is obviously great fun too, but I've done it to the max, as it were."

It's the sort of thing one heart from many a jaied supertust who't extenting round for a way to speat his time. But Summers already has significant work under his belt. Two exemplary allasms for Privare house, Apparisan Barradas and The Galdan Wirr, have presented an impressive answer to any who might dismiss him as a workmalke leckvict. The greater tones of the first record were traded for a sharper, more lucid instrumental music on the second long longing modelesi palped over manic on the second long longing modelesi palped over the second long longing modelesi palped over the second long longing modelesi palped over the second longing longing modelesi palped over the second longing longing modelesis palped over the second longing longing



it went largely unremarked.

"I have to take steps towards things. I can't make tangential leaps from one style to another. A lot of people thought Goldon Wire was a new age record, which it obviously wasn't. It pisses me off because it made it difficult for me to get gigs which I'd have liked to have done, more in the jazz area of things."

and the contract precision of the contract plant and statement and contract precision of the complex stall. While secretly maching into the straight-based just zertitory of Scoffeld or Alexcrombie, Summers see up up an excellent papers have space to work out Bull Evans, Herbie Hancock, Mark Isham. The rhythm team of basist Doug Lann and dummer Clad Wackerman has that muscular high-fusion feel which players such as John Particus and Michael Shrawe work or. Summers has the muscular high-fusion feel which players such as John Particus and Michael Shrawe work or. Summers hamself plays lyrical lead lines and thoughtful, smartly-accorded sizes that suggest he is a mark for ergone in this and contract of the contract plays the contr

playable set.

The record was made in North Hollywood: reading through
the cast-list, and hearing some of the leader's anecdores about
it, you catch a glimpse of a music-making world that is at
some remove from that of many of the musicians who get in
these paper.

"It was sort of a strange experience getting Herbie Hanocck play. I had to wait for him to get out of bed. He was wandering around in his dressing gown about two in the adermoon, and he couldn't handlet then. I had to come back the next day. Then I watted three or four hours and he finally interreped. He has a little studie at the back of his home in the Hollywood hills, all kinds of gene in this time, it itstem come, the though the contraction of the contraction o

Even Sing is on the record. He showed up to listen to a session and ended up playing has so not tritle track, 'Toosened it up a bit. He's playing very well at the moment.' It sounds like a stroll, making a record like this, for a musician who could probably call up anybody he wanted to appear on an alarm. But working at a high level in the basiness means playing with high expectations and frightening budgets. Some things the strong the strong the strong the strong the strong maintain the strong the strong the strong the strong the strong the strong that the strong t

I as no two shors at it, "Andy remembers. I wore the truns about a year gap, put it toughter, demed it up last November because the company wanted to hear it. They wanted a word truck on it this time, and I had him one song which I'd done with a singer. It came out fentantically well—a very hooky nock song, the sort of thing that sounds like and obvious number one. It was there just as one of the tracks. And up to the song the sound with the song to the sort who the should like this. Which pissed me ceft, really, Here was my instrumental album going out of the window because they wanted a reak album group.

"I said, OK, we'll do both. I started working with this singer and we did about six songs and I wan't enjoying it that much. We put a lot of effort in and I put the other album on hold. Then I went away for a holiday and thought about it

The control were away as a natural and transpire about 11.

To bring it up to serenth would take a much linguist allow with a first he perpettive on it. In the meantime 15 of found Chal, who really locacled me out as a drummer who I could work with, and the whole thing came together. The number on hir? It's just string there. They played it wrong, returnly, because they would have had it on the allown. In the end, I think they might have been relieved that they didn't have to pay for a por-light next allown. That's openious.

Isn't it true, though, that plenty in the industry are waiting for the guitarist to deliver a Police-rype record?

"Yeah, I do fed that comerisms. I i pose I could get a singer and do that, but I feel life stricking to my usan. The problem is, when you've been in a group like The Police, and you want to go on from there. ... I'm not going to vitio my lunted—on my wreaths, as they might be at this point—because I want to get on with it. Unformately, although in some ways it's a tremendous thing, it's been a sone around my neck. It's really difficult to get pass that and do something new and be secepted for it. But it's radicional, in't it'? Like Bob Dylan potking up an electric gaistr."

His Lacestrian erigins usually come out in his sense of humour, rather than in his voice. He has a rice line in dry, flat-capped wit. From the handful who made ferrunes in the cock bount of the carty 80, Jonnmers – how was rather older than the rest of them, anyway—wears the mantle of questing serious musicious with more conviction than more. If I might indulge in a little more notetigis for a moment, I can remember seeing him with Kevin (Oprole band in the mid-70s. In what was a ragged, unvehaleone group. Summittee of the contraction of t

Guitarists are a clannish lor, although Andy claims to ramble on about gear and equipment with only John Etheridge and David Torn, two particular associates. The interesting thing about his recent records is how touch-sensitive they are: stacked with technology as the music is, you still hear the sounds of hands on utilars, rather than mere machine-work.

"Having gone through the history of technology in the last you can JO years or so," he muses, "it can be incredible what you can do now. Sounds can be very inspiring as far as writing is concerned -you can hear a guitar sound that can led you into a whole different space. But I don't use guita-eyoth because it not really necessary. This sounds it can get out of rmy rack it not really necessary. This sounds it can get out of rmy rack that the sound more like painers. Synthesisers always sound like They sound more like painers. Synthesisers always sound like synthesisers to me I like things which are guitaristic."

Most of the guitarists mentioned here would find places in the Summers Hall of Fame. But there's one we've forgotten. "The top man? It could be Bert Weedon, Yeah, Probably is

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EAST BERLIN Le Sun Ra & His Cosmo Discipline Arkentra The Arkentra in full flight on (amount others) "Stare It The We clear that the audience at the Fredrichtelibeles exmed it all remaily." Jack Cooks, Wast



Keelcard return provide and he hand of madeate! 'Karrokhan maghe to the John Zore of Rassages MES . In there: Zorn's draw to percupose the franches with the sulfane Torn Herennous



Carlos Wood Or Factores the great transpoter Woods Shaw in one of his final monthly: "Late' it a very thereal wade a names of religion Shear coales marter " Reuse Morton Wire 66.



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interest desarter more . . erector work "Kerry Matheson



EDRINARY CANTABILE Ganello Trin First recording by the new cris Slava Gandin formed after be left Rassa 'Offen mere encendi en each lattering." Burry Washerden.



Anthony Brayton One of Broggeric must crucial town. an extended work for large wrherton. "The mass: is a nest, spenilany, sporting, surpayeess three which is compuling, fascinating



Cecil Taylor Unit Wal Lavy Joshon. Corbe Word. William Parker, Thorman Barpsy from stort to fiveak "Graham Lock, Wise 51 Wise Critici



Jazz Group Arkhangelsk folking twee and tasker-maca all play their part es so occossible, a parallel devolu-Thereton's Wheters and Billy Jonkins's Vous of God Collective Box Watton, Watt 67



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It's a fact! Wire reader love music so much that when they're not listening in it, they're is soft lifety playing it. So, for the wary audio addicts and instrument case out there, we priest our new Hardwire section, which direct you to all that's innovative in the fields of hi-fl and hardware. This month Tom Corbin gets his betterm in a tenit it. ... and that's not all.



NOTHING NEW under the sun for sacophonists? Well, yes and no. Launched at the British Music Fair this year, The Horn is a new also sax from Trevor J James & Co, a company traditionally identified with a mind-boggling range of flutes. The mid-priced instrument was demonstrated to the same properties.

trated at this year's British Music Fair, under the careful scrutiny of various Wire staffers, who reported a remarkable uniformity of tone across the instrument's range (unlike many mid-price instruments which tend to break up at the extremes of the register) and a warm, slightly gritry sound which will be to many a igszerson's taste.

RRP from £335: Tresor I James & Co. 0622 692119.



Ir YOU think the Ashbory bass is wited, you should have seen it before they got it right. Consider: a feetless active electric bass with a scale length of 22°, with silicon rubes strings! The Ashbory bas originated as a demonstration device for Ashworth Electronics' unusually

sensitive transducers, thence coulving under the guadance of guater designer. Nigel Hornsdroy into the original version of the coulving the coulving transfer of the Authory bass. This had a scale length of just 18° and was shaped like a rysing error. That you not a sharter length of nubber than you do of meral to produce the same note is simply a matter of physics, but the small size of the instrument, seemed to put off many players, accustomed as they are to a 53° scale length. After an abortive strong at large-scale distribution via Guild guitars, the Ashbory has now been restricted to the control of the scale of the control of the control of the control of the control of the scale of the control of the control of the control of the control of the scale of the control of th

So what? Well, for a start, this instrument, simply by dispensing with metal strings, immediately offers the player a much warmer and rounder tone than is usually associated with the electric bass — even with models which are supposedly noted for such characteristics. Jazz string bass players who have switched to for back to) detertic bast for practical reason may well find that the Abbrey offers in accelent componings between the sound of the former and the convenience of the latter—especially as Twy ex to find an access the sagistized to ally other possible componings which doesn't dops a few harmonics on the Errug. Doubling guarantees will enjoy not fact that this elegantly designed new vection of the instrument fact that this elegantly designed new vection of the instrument is still small enough to stuff down a rooter leg makes; in one only good for a cheep lough but sexually more convenient still. And of course no Wire-reading basis in going to be foldydashly enough to be bothered by rubber strings. Think of \$100 MeV of the Control of the Control of the Control of the \$100 MeV of the Control of the Contro



GARY BOYLE'S welcome appearance at the Outside In Festival this year saw him switching between a transducer-packing quasi-acoustic guitar and an archtop semi-acoustic of the kind espoused by jazz players ever since the 5-hole guitar was first conceived as an alternative to the

banjo in dance hands. The question of amplification, however, has in some ways passed the jaze guistratis by. Generally not found of the famoy tricks amplification can play on the sound of the guistre which have de course become standed repertories for the rock played and unimpressed by volume as nach, many jazza players and on bioware a sound which is unencumbered by factors which can't be attributed either to the player or the immurament. At treats in angula have come adj user, involving valve, transient, clip and hybrid circuitry, subsoult reverb of varying quality, deet outpute: In fact supplying the section to varying quality, deet outpute. In fact supplying the section to partify the jaze guitarties looking or that black how in the counter with arothing other than affection how of hubit.

Trace Ellius's new Trace Acoustic range of amplifers won't necessarily change that, but they pack several unusual features worthy of investigation. The most striking is the simple fact that this range of unjus is not primarily goarde to the player of salid-bodied electric rock guitar, but to players of acoustic internations which are writed for electric playing in acoustic internations which are writed before by writen smanffers and the control of the playing in the

So what's different? Well, for one thing, the inclusion of the

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wonderful gadget called a notch filter, which enables you to identify points on the frequency/volume curve where feedback is likely to occur, then adjust the filter at that point so that the feedback is simply 'tuned' out. This seems a lot more fun than stuffing the body of your guitar with foam rubber or, indeed. fiddling about with a graphic EO only to find that the optimum configuration for feedback elimination has also eliminated most of the sound of your instrument. In fact, the TA range comes with a built-in EQ anyway, which happy owners will actually be able to use for the purpose for which in was intended. As if all this wasn't enough, the TA100R AND TA200S models come with a built in 16-bit Alesis digital reverb (absent from the TA100 for those who don't require it). augmented by a stereo chorus in the latter model. You also get piezo, active and low z inputs. The whole is packaged into an extremely elegant punched-steel faced cabinet with real wooden trim as an option which makes a nice change from the traditional lumpen black of stage amp design.



RRP from £650: Trace Elliest Ltd, 0376-517237.

WHILE WE'VE got the attention of the guitar players among you, let's do a quick survey of everyone's favourite plearam!

Hello?
Well, there we are. They probably needed a good night's sleep anyway.
When they wake up, perhaps some-

one could draw their attention to a singularly elegant range of plerical produced by Dugain and marketed by Plazensche Durishierden Dy Brazensche Durishierden. Gone are the days when a plectrum was citize thin or thick for simply lost. Like any astrant ediagram, place Charles Dugain has addressed an aspect of his critic fargety ignored by the masterneam in realising that the bound of a guitar straing is profoundly affected by the ensure of the married that comes into context with it when you play it. An ammental that the same of the married that the same of the married that the same of t

Dagin pictus, however, ser made in ebouy, other cooic woods, cocount (yes, an ishall of), horn, bone (no irvey, thankfully) and semi-precious stone including onys and tiger ger. The idea would be commendable even a pure hype. The things look and feel great, partly because of the textile nature to be commonable to the textile nature to a commonduce the thumbs and forefigers and don't pretent on to excommonduce the thumbs and forefigers and don't pretent on the cent nightly flexible. The serious end of a Dagain pletrum is also innovative, being ground to a gently tumned point rather than to the more-orient supered flue degle of the tractional platter usivery. This, of course, completely mirrational platter usivery. This of course, completely nigrating used to. The chopy and horn warteries, more unired to gaze playing, have a pronouncel effect on both acoustic and

electric gainer. Breatmock claim that the difference is more audible on an eccuric inturment, which it rare, but the emphasis is on projection and clarity rather than mere bounders, particularly at low volume levels, where, for example, individual notes in a fast run remain full-coned and distinct. With an electric instrument effects it less pronounced, but the highly individual fiel of the plectrum remains. So, like I and, we run to longer utility and the remains. So, the I and, we run to longer utility and the Critical Probability, given the price of a Duptain plectrum, but 182 H 80-41 (50 to 1800-180 180).

THE RELAUNCH of the traditional contemporary jazz keyboard, the Rhodes, is hardly news any more, but it would be churlish for the first appearance of Hardwire to let the facts pass unnoticed. The sound of the original Fender Rhodes electric

pinn has, of counte, passed into legend as the most readily identifiable just relyboand sound of the past 30 years — so much to that succeeding generations of keepboard sound librates were likely readily to have a just called "Raboid"— or perhaps some copyright-avoiding afternational control of the past of the past of the forestern in a music teaching device which provided occupational through for the internation in a music teaching device which provided occupational through the past of the furnation in a system of mallets striking a set of tuned metal plates to produce notes; simple enough, but impossible to men and prote to marchinical problems which were no doubt out the past of the past of

However, the acquisition of the marque by keyboard and hi-tech manufacturers Roland saw a new generation of alldigital Rhodes keyboards arrive on the market, each model providing several of the most popular variations on the classic Rhodes sound together with a range of entirely new parches appropriate to the kind of musical environment in which the instrument was traditionally used. The other most notable trait of the new Rhodes range is the justified emphasis placed on the instrument as a performance keyboard rather than a studio-based device which many of the current generation of keyboards implicitly seem to be, with their emphasis on programming, sequencing and MIDI. Certainly you can programme a new Rhodes, and certainly you can MIDI it to anything else MIDIable (although mercifully the idea of sequencer-based jazz was presumably laughed out of court at an early stage in the design of these, but those who insist on using one will already know what to do). However, the new Rhodes range is designed first and foremost to be played, rather than simply used. This can only be a good thing. There's also a purpose-built keyboard amp in tasteful matching Rhodes livery.

RRP from £999: Roland UK, 0792 310247.

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Jason Rebello continued from page 12

ton

sounds on the track, and you'd look at him, and he'd give you this mad look . . . saying something that has nothing to do with the music at all. Sometimes you'd think, I haven't a clue what he means. But after a while, you'd get used to it, and you'd start to understand what he meant. Tune in. It's weird.

you'd start to understand what he meant. Tune in. It's weird.
"He was very subtle about it. He didn't take over. He'd say,
well, maybe you don't need a solo here . . . small things, but
the things that make a difference. Details. He's really funny.

"I like the fact that it's not over-produced. That it's not perfect. A lot of 'perfect' records seem to be coming out of America now. I just heard this album by . . . "

Well, he hates to put down other musicians. But it must have been tempting, on your first record, to show off a bit.

"A tot of people have usid, God, you didn't do any fast exciting tode, no MF PC at 200 best a minute. I just obtained, the thought, what's the point? I wanted to do something that want i just flash, touse that weren't general to flash you do no let of turns are just two-bar beads which are written to do let of turns are just two-bar beads which are written to do let of some and the people of the flash of the contox is. Buy people often latch on to the wrong, things, the shallow appear of the musick. Mustians as well as littener, When you bear just musicians trying to play regges, you think, ch not." The s unit of the could probably system be could probably aggregate and the popular system of the property of the property of the property of the probably characteristic, if not typical, of the modern way, But attliking to thin, and the first probably sware of the problems of all this diversity, of so much choice. It's a brough he's perspective concentrate his options rather than appreading them ever wider. At least he sink about to sake flight in one direction.

"America" There's no need. I want to build something good here. I have to say that the standard of juzz musicianship in America is streets shead of here, partly because to few people her have put in the stricus work. Juzz players are so much more dedicated there. People can do really well here without being all that good. If you compare the standards of the being all that good. If you compare the standards of the musicians with juzz players here, I'm really embarrassed by the itses side of it. Poole eet law in itse here."

These would sound like very severe words if his rone of voice wasn't so mild. Besides, the Rebello philosophy is full of that much-abused term, being positive. To him, it's all going in the right direction, even if the money and the players and the standards aren't as they should be just yet.

"You're writing and creating your own descriptions of jazz. You're changing people's ideas of what jazz is by doing your own stuff. I suppose it's all part of what I'm saying about young people being positive and defining what jazz is now." •

Miles Davis On Record

Hancock, Carrer and Williams had already established themselves as the scariest triple threat, probably not excluding Trane's formidable colleagues, Tyner, Garrison and Jones. The second record of Hand features a Berlin gig from 25 September 1964. Shorter is on blastering form, matching Rivers on record one, and I prefer his work here to that on the authorised canon albums, such as ESP.

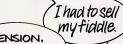
Miles Davis continued from page 35

As for Coleman, people are saiffy about him as well as Mobley, but he contributed much to Lise In Europe, Four and My Fanny Valentine. The last two split the fast and slow numbers from a Lincoln Centre engagement. The image of Miles as a restrained, middle register player no longer holds up. Even on the ballads he scorches, the rhythm trio is more daneerous than ever, and George is just fine.

THE LAT edition of the quinter curred a text of benusued respect from many of the first and extinct. The repressive frethered, perhaps under the influence of Sherter, a very accomplished writer. The band still played standards at gigs, but not in the studio. Williams drove the rhythm section or general abstraction until Miss started to place greater control on them in the late 60s. Excellent though this band was laboury found it enter to exceedable. The previous records were less musically adventurous but they had more fire. Don't certain fathers for beliefence Miss was elavier belindered. especially on ESP, but it was musicians' music: the lay listened orden felt like a mere operators, wherea Miles had always for strong on emotion. Each year a new classic was issued — ESP, Mulk Saulid, Sarrary, Nafrinit — and each was important ment. The live albusty (Plaggad Valled and Haraf Round The World), though more predictable in their material, are far more exciting and contain equally inventive improvision.

Miles In The Sky and Filles De Kilissanjaro (the latter bringing in Chick Corea and Dave Holland on two tracks) alarmed some folk because of the rock elements used (both rhythmic and, in the form of electric bass, electric piano and guitar, instrumental) but there was no fundamental departure from what had gone before. For me In A Silent Way was the real shocker. The quinter hid in a welter of additional keyboards and electronics. At the time I found no merit in this album at all, though I'd be marginally more charitable now. It sounded contrived, aimless and emotionless, but received considerable critical acclaim. The only explanation I could see was that here was music which, despite its surface business, was easily accessible, and those who found the avant garde too demanding latched on to In A Silent Way as something superficially progressive that they could cope with. Miles would go on to produce a lot more stunning music, but at the turn of 1969/70 that prospect was seeming increasingly unlikely.

Next month: the electric Miles



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though he himself had been born in the environment of the blues." Richard Wright

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Berlin Contemporary Jazz Orchestra

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(r), Kenup Wheeler (r, filini), Henning Berg,
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Zanneermann (h, th); Paul van Kemenade, Filin
Wahnschaffe (as); Gerd Ducké (as, n., d. f),
Walter Gauchel (n); El. Ferovosky (bs); Willen
Beruker (bs, cl), Aki Tikase, Muha Mengelberg
(r); Counter Less (b), Ell Tuggen (d); Alcander

von Schlippenbach (cond). Rec: May 1989. THE VINNY GOLIA LARGE ENSEMBLE

Pilgrimage To Obscurity

What Yee Kewe Jt. Net My Fault, Ted Willsons Calli The Mich And Kender Toods Strensiery, Under; Visus, Serms, The Krinken, Robaspand John Furno, Rail Rickert, Sall Cractiniois (r. film); Mice Vlaskowech, Doug Wijner, John Rapson, Dourd Scout (oli, Ernick Messerschundle (robs.) Milec Accotto, Steve Fowler, Wyseel Mongsomery, David Octor, Visung Gistin (concelerad); David Johnson Alex Cline (peec), Bully Muner (d.) Rec: 30 December 1985.

THE NEW YORK COMPOSERS ORCHESTRA

Music By Marty Ebrlich, Robin Holcomb, Wayne Horvitz, Dong Wisselman New World Records/Countercurrent NWIN CDIMC

The Produgal Son Revisated, Naglobards: Open 24 Hours, After All, The Montana Sutton, Feren, The House Thus Brings A Swede, Places Planes, Wash The Hammer Desce, Interface.

Herb Robertson, Steve Bernsten, Leils Dalaba (r), Ray Andreson, Art Baron (tebs); Dave Hofsten (ebs., et b); Vincear Chancey (feb.), Cleave Goyron Jr., Robert DeBellis (ss., fv, Doug Wieselman (ss., d); Marry Ehrlich (ss., fv, bct.); Joney Court (ebs., Seew Cutter (g), Roben Holcomb (p), Wayne Horvitz (p., org., ky), Lindsay Homer (b); Robert Previet (d., mm). Rev. January 1990.

LARGE-SCALE, orchestral jazz is probably in a healthier state now than at any time since the end of the war. Hey, guys! Good news! The war ended! For much of the 70s, the more innovative big band jazz always wore a hungry air of riotous ssembly, ratting at the corporate getse with more enthusiasm than strategy, while the more marketable of the big outfits (honourable exceptions apart) came to retail more and more strongly their own distant ancestry in military and college bandsmanship. The assumption was that jazz had been placed on iron rations and under something like an Association Asso.

sometiming like an Association Act.

Bebop was an odd combination of escertisiam and limited bushneldy, and in its wake
gizz and improvisation tended to lose many
of the disciplines associated with hig band
playing and stranging, and much of its
excitement. With juzz "Composition" – in
the natrowest construction – somehow tied
up with Third Steram, large-scale artengement sterned to be visible only to those



wearing a particular contractual badge and also inimical to the freedoms implicit in the New Thing.

There was, though, a very evident difference between the insure individualism of the Americans (AACM was no more than a herd of independent much) and the radioact collectivism of the Europeans. The work that surverse most poemly from the 19th in Europe is almost entirely on a scale threas and Jones-Viewis apart) didn't stee (Fewas and Jones-Viewis apart) didn't see either aesthetically or economically feasible in the States; work like the John Warreet John Surman collaboration of Jain of the Algorium and the larger awars and Stellinger awars and Stellinger awars and the States.

Without suggesting a direct influence, Warren's gorgeous textures have always been a part of what Alexander von Schlappenboth does, a further side to the student of chaos who made the Morton transcriptions. Even in his trio with Paul Lovens and Evan Parker, Schlippenbach is a wonderfully textural musician, as comfortable with Misha Mengelberg's wry 12-rone exercises as with Kenny Wheeler's plangent "Ana", which opens this superb album. Wheeler writes with tremendous authority and has in the past been poorly served by chaotic arrangement, uncertain articulation (or articulation less certain than his own), and poor recording values. ECM has in some ways been his salvation, allowing uninterrupted access to music that works not just logically but in overlapping strictions of tone and colour. As with his compatrior Warren. Wheeler's penius lies in a characteristic combination of powerful expressiveness and shutter-tight structural logic.

"Ans' is long, 86 pages of tightly written core, opening quictly with a tastryl chanle that is picked apart by Henning Bergiblauring tromboen. The solo spaces never seem to interrupt the flow of sleat, sew sleen these are dealingly illogical. Gerd Dadds, and the brilliant young trampeter Thomas Heberre provide the more effective climates, as they do later on the Mengelberg, and the based of the solo state of the graph of the solo state of the solo state in the based structure without ever losing sight of its modal (Wheelet) or motoricmedicle (Mengelberg) components

It's that ability to modulate tone and direction without violence that distinguishes the BCIO. Wheeler, Menselbers and Schlinpenhach from the rather more self-indulgent New York Composers' Orchestra. The writing here is outwardly a great deal more various, though on closer inspection impelled by an obscure desire to lend basic motives and structures a brassy gravitas. The outbreak of "Fever" amid all these other carefully sanitised compositions is tell-tale. We're talking pastiche, and pastiche has become one of the quickest giverways of the New York style. This has little to do with the irony that informs "Salz", Mengelberg's other BCJO piece; it's a matter more of over-literalness and of hectic eclecticism. Robin Holcomb's "Nightbirds", an extension of the rather interesting stuff on Larks, They Crazy, is a mish-mash of styles unconscrously absorbed: Mahler (but the "idior" Mahler of the opening bars of the Fourth Symphony), Bartok (but only the ironic Bartok of the "American" Cancerto For Orchestro) and others (but only as mottos and signatures, never as recognisable essences). Only Horvitz seems awake to the demands

of writing accurately for the kind of ensemble that is always going to sound centrifugal. The opening "Predigal Son" is a high point from which the whole business degenerace into self-paredy, saved only by the attenuated line-up of "With The Hammer Down", which gives the set a bit of lift and life.

Much the same is true of Golia's alrowerber more interesting Pilgrimage To Obscurity, a sec with lots of good things, marred by prerentiousness. The final, co-written "Robusqued" is a powerful encore piece with good roaring 40s horns work. That carbon-dates the basic conception. Though Golia indulges long. apparently formless passages of section work with tightly-written "modernist" themes, he seems at his happiest in the all-out mode of a touring band, busking it furiously for an apparently well-satisfied Los Angeles crowd Golia's renor work is maddeningly pedestrian, he works best in the lowest registers of both bass flure and bass sax, on the latter of which he sounds remarkably like Adrian Rollini. "Views", with its intriguing piano bridge by Wayne Peet, is highly impressive.

Honours, though, rest with Schligeraboth and his band. Not only is the overall conception remarkable, individual performnaces deserve the closest attention. El Thigpen (working in a vein his father Ben would have related to from Anly Kink days) is a revelation, as is Benny Bulley, playing those working the property of the white lines of strught belop. Dudek continues to develop as a solout. Heberre will be a leened.

BRIAN MORTON

THOMAS HEBERER &

Chicago Breakdown

Chicago Brushdeuw, King Porter Sissop, Buddy Boldee Bluer, The Pusrlir, Black Busson Stoop, Freuktib. Thomas Hebeur (1), Dueter Mancerscheid (b). Rec October 1989.

A MERE 99 years after he was born, Jelly Roll Morton finally sets the post-modernise treatment. It's strange how Europeans seem to warm to his music more than Americans doe, this isn't the first German record to pay a contemporary tribute to the old master (Schlippenbach/RAI Big Bund's July Rolf on FMP dates back to 1980), and he remains a goddsther-figure to British trad. But this set shakes down Morton's legacy with stunning finesee.

If it seems unlikely that a trumper-loss due could make much of the composer's due could make much of the composer's intricite music. "The Peath' and "Freskish er two of Morton's most difficult compositions - Heberer and Manderscheid confound expectations. "Chicago," Bollen' and "Freskish" are played retained ystraight over a short measure, while "King Porter" is distantated across 15 extraordinary minutes. "Black Borton' is reshaped into a pergeous



slow lament, with a straightforward chorus appended as a coda; "The Pearls" is a vehicle for bass, moving from a mounting arco part to a fineethusting exposition.

The musicians approach Morton's compositions in arginus spirit Each strain is honoured in the overall performance, much as a rag paints would defer to each section for the tune, except the duo deal with the different themes as contrastingly as they can, So a slow passage may be followed by a fast trot before a rubato improvisation. "King Porter," is laid out as skeletally as possible without destroying the inner strength of

Jelly's most famous piece.

Heberer, the star of the Berlin Contemporary
Jazz Orthetria album, is sensational here. He
plays with a sublime rasp or a nearly painful
clarity, delights in brassy syncocortions, and

does the almost impossible by inhabiting old juzz trumper styles without resorting to pastiche or surrendering his modern credenrals. Mandersched, though less obrrusse, is a compelling partner. A record like nothing else I've heard all year, and another important reason for paying attention to what's soing on in Europe.

RICHARD COOK

RAHSAAN ROLAND KIRK

Paris 1976 Revelless RID SID CD

Night In Tunnas, The Left Sade Of Your Mand, Visiters From The Blass; Bright Moments; The Man That Cred Fire, Credit Lase Call. Steve Turre (th), Kirk (f. s., c.l. etc.); Hilton Ruiz (n), Phal Bowier (h), John Goldsmath (d): Machael

Hill (perc). Rec. 14 November 1976.

Moon Child Timeless SJP 124 CD

Moon Child, Moon Rays, The Night Has A Thousand Eyes, All Or Nishing As All; Soor, Monthlab. Sanders (ss. 1s); Wallarm Henderson (p); Scafford James (b), Eddie Moore (d); Chelikh Tidisne Fale (perc). Rec: 12 & 13 October 1989

Whats reversentate came moud the fine time i beought regispin from father addit than Bix and, occentibly, the size of getting out of your had wis mere to do with transcendore than annotation. A number of just massicians were associated, to weight transcendore than annotation of the contrast, then influential for what proper dusposed was him philosophy of life as well as for his mane; was was himself leavely increed in frastrucphilosophy, systetic, religious and other ling fath is Sandie, foreing the yong Pharush Sanders, it mid to have been recorded under the influence of ISD.

The bells-and-beads rendency of the avant garde was at its most obvious with Charles Lloyd, who overlaid Trane-based playing with hippy active and artitudes. Roland Kirk's art had much in common with Lloyd's but Kirk, alteady an established figure in the jazz world, didn't get the sort of promotion Lloyd got from George-Avakian. This lack of matketing may have saved him from the vilification of the jazz purists. It also saved him from the commercial success his talent deserved.

There was never any question but that Kirk was a musician of considerable importance, but occasionally some of the peripheral characteristics of his music muddied our view of the basic virtues of his work. These could not be called a immicks because the variety of sound was fundamental to Kirk's musical conception. Even on kazoo he was convincing. He was steeped in the blues, but appreciated Stockhausen too and is the only major jazz musician, as far as I can recall, to have explored the interface between found sounds and the music they created. (I discount the luminaries of AMM, as it is a moot point whether they can be pigeonholed as jazz, and recent flirtations with hip-hop, scratch and cut-ups by various musicians, as the sampled material performs a different function from the sound objects Kirk had experimented with.) Kirk's comeback after his stroke in 1975 was a triumph of resourcefulness and determination. I don't think he eyer quite regained his former virruosity, but the directness and honesty of his music was clearer than ever. This is not vintage Kirk but it's still worth hearing. Sample "Visitors", a flute show-case in the mould of "You Did It, You Did It", or "The Man That Cried Fire".

My earlier references to Trane and the 66s were not gratuitous since the Sanders album is very much orientated to rhythm vames. see-sawing chords and atmospheric, exotically-accented versions of standard ballads. Like other members of the second wave of free 1422 iconoclases, Sanders has returned to a more mainstream style, and the influence on this collection is of the sessions in October 1960 which produced, least famously, the Coltrane's Seand album, which also included "The Night Has A Thousand Eyes" in a very similar arrangement. This is much the same group as Sanders brought on tour in 1989, but on record it does not produce the same charge that the gigs did. It is, though, an attractive and approachable programme and includes a nice version of "Monichbah", one of those ravishing, sinuous Abdullah Ibrahim anthems.

BARRY WITHERDEN

MIKE BRECKER

Now You See It . . . (Now You Don't)
GRP GR-M22 CD/LP/MC

Enber Shmb (A Tail of Two Rhythwi); Minsk, Oab To The Don Do Day; Noar Alane, Payl, Day In vi Nav. To The Don Do Day; Noar Alane, Payl, Day In vi Nav. Beecker (tr., Aka EWI, Nay); Doy; Calderman (yl., Jum Bened (vyth, Joo Henngton (gl., Jay Anderson (bl.), Victous Balley (Dr., Adam Noahasam (dl.), Oma-Hakim (dl.); Con Alass (peec); Milton Cardona (perc); Seeve Berros (peec); (collective personnel). Ber. 1990.

MIKE BRECKER is probably the most influential tenor saxophonist since John Coltrane. While his style owes a lot to Coltrane's influence, Brecker has developed and expanded a distinct and powerful voice of his



own. His sound, his frequent use of alternative fingerings, his technique, intonation, harmonic savvy, his high level of creativity and ability to energise a performance have long been admitted by musicians. Bur Michael Brocker, the ultimate studio

musicism with credits from Erank Sinars to Dice Straits, seems devoid of any appiration to build a serious body of work under hu own mome. Although his peopmens debut as a leader on the Impulse label from 1987 was an althour of culturates and among the bear of the states of culturates and among the bear of the lates of the state of the state of the state of the rag as a top prefessional for over 20 years. On 1988 to 20 years and the state of the state of 1988 to 20 years and the state of the state of 1988 to 20 years are cought of good performance the album lacked focus — series of tradio first with players coming and going on every reack.

That is still very much the case with Now Yow Se II... (Now Yas Dow'): the drum programmers and synthesizer programmers who appear in the varying roll-calls for each track are a teamment to the complexity of the hardware being deployed. A new breed of musician has emerged that comes with an electronic minder. Mercifully, however, Brecker's Mais EWI (Electronic Wind Instrument) is basically kept for ensemble roles.

"Eacher Skerch" and "Quiet Gip" gloum with studie polishing, Brecker creating, Brecker creating, Brecker creating, Brecker creating, Brecker creating incuration of Seps. Abend 6 group of submitted to the property of the submitted of the submitt

In contrast, he lets his suscephone skill in on "Peep", a fund yreminder of ign set when a formidable player he can be. But with the sugging surgency and saedrum power as sugging surgency and saedrum power premisine cent of "Speegy" from Mehall Brender (Impulse), it highlights the first that Brender (Impulse), it highlights the first thin sexion. However, while the darklights the first thin sexion. However, while the darklight to the first his sexion. However, while the darklight is sexion to the sexion of the

It's a small return on the album as a whole. There is no sense of a unified vision here, no focus a set working group can bring — just an impression of working out in a variety of contrived studio settings.

DIZZY GILLESPIE AND THE UNITED NATION ORCHESTRA

Live At The Royal Festival Hall

Tin Tin Dee, Serests, And Then She Stepped, Tongo, Kesh, Drity Shelli; A Nighi In Tanzia. Dizzy Gillespie, Claudo Roditi (t); Artero Sandoval (t, film., pict t), Slide Hampton (tb), Steve Turre (btb. shells): Mario D'Rovera (ss. rsk Paquito D'Rivera (as, cl); James Moody (as, es, f); Ed Cherry (g); Donilo Perez (p); John Lee (b); Janacco Beros (d); Gsovanni Hsdalgo, Auto Monera (perc); Flora Purim (v) Rec- 10 June 1989

Dizzy Gillespie was one of the first musicians to recognise the links between African music as manifested in North America and as manifested in Cubs and Brazil - hence "Afro-Cuban". Although the United Nation Orchestra is, according to the sleeve-notes. designed to "showcase the varied cultural and rhythmic influences that he [Gillesnie] considets vital to the development of jazz", it's the Latin American connection that Dizzy seems particularly interested in This is reflected in the nationalities of the hand membets: three Cubans, three Brazilians, a Panamanian Paerto Rican Dominican and six black Americans. All the tunes have a Latin flavour, rich in percussion, passionate saxonhones and screaming trumpers

The man himself is in amazing shape for a iazz musician of 72 years of age. Where the power and range have diminished. Disay uses trumpeters like Jon Faddis or, in this case, Arturo Sandoval (both of whom can play like he did when he was 40 years younger) as extensions of his own technique

The opening "Tin Tin Deo" is an old classic which provides a suitably dramatic backdrop for the leader's horn, stating the melody with that familiar squeezed whisper before the explosive punctuation from the band. On the chirpy, Spanish-sounding "And Then She Stopped" and the spaciously modal "Kush" we get a chance to hear Gillespie solo at greater length. What really hits you, now that the pyrotechnics have been stripped away, is his utrerly unique approach to harmony. More purely chromatic than any trumpet player before or since he slyly skirts around the key of the piece. eventually approaching it from the angle you least expect.

Outside of Dizzy's playing my interest tends to wane. Flora Purim scars energetically on "Tanga" and Steve Turre amazes once again with his virtuosity on the conch shells. It's all very brash and brassy but Slide Hampton's arrangements do not (and probably are not meant to) provide the same kind of challenge that, say, George Russell and Tadd Dameron did for Gillespie's original big band.

The grand finale (you guessed it) "A Night In Tunisia" is overinflated; ending with unaccompanied cadenzas from James Moody and all three tramper players, by the time the final chord has sounded you've forgotten what it was you were listening to in the first place. Still. I wish I had been there it sounds like it one for

BOLAND BAMANAN DAVE HOLLAND QUARTET

Extentions ECM MI 7787 COLD

Nemeric: Processmal: Black Hale: The Oracle: 1010 Farenbeit (Slow Meltdown), Color Of Mand. Steve Coleman (as); Kevin Eubanks (g); Dave



Holland (b): Marvin "Smitty" Smith (d). Rec-September 1989.

YES, YES, yes, yes, When a record is as good as this, what else is there to say? I suppose that, for someone who's played in so many different contexts. Dave Holland's own ensemble music has taken a surprisingly linear route - basically, of everincreasing refinement of such squarely oldfashioned virtues as clarity of form, group empathy, discipline, a sense of balance. It's a course he's followed with admirable consistency, tempted by neither neo-bop constriction nor indulgent blasts of noise, the

Scylla and Charybdis of current 1922 trends Still. Extension is unlikely to be a random title: so what, you wonder, is being extended? Well, Holland has cited Ornette

Coleman's strong melodic lines as a major influence on his composition and it's nor hard to hear the inspiration of Ornerre's Atlantic quarters on Extentions: Kevin Eubanks adds watercolour daubs of chords at rimes, but often alto, bass and emitar just play lines, lending the music that wonderful sense of space and flow which Ornette first created. (Plus, as Steve Take has already noted in these pages, Steve Coleman is probably the most melodic alto improviser since his namesake.) Bur if this music is a distant extension of early Ornerte, it also advances recent Holland, albeit in such minor changes as Keyin Fubanks's mirar introducing electricity into a higherto acous-

tic into concept I love the bright colours of this music, the tuneful snippets that float and skitter like kites over its rhythmic mesh. Kevin Euhanks's fluid guitar-runs sparkle with purpose; Smirry adds many shades of grit, snare bite to cymbal sting; Steve Coleman's lighttoned alto skares in delicate flakes and flurries. Beneath it all is Holland's virtuoso base - singing, buoyant, lissom. His reputation as a player was secured at the neak long ago. but Extensions adds to his known as composer with the lovely "Processional" and "The Oracle", the record's most arreactive tracks.

I think Steve Coleman a little desingenuous in telling Karen Bennett (elsewhere in this issue) that he plays with Dave Holland exactly as he plays with the Five Elements. You can hear it's true on his "Black Hole", but the point is that what's happening around him is not similar at all: where the Elements tend to play frenetic clutterfunk, Holland, Eubanks and Smith lay our an acreated bear that allows the music to jump and jolt with elastic charm. This is elegant funk - more the swoon of Curris Mayfield than the sweat of James Brown. Coleman's "101° Farenheit" rakes a more dreamy, oblique tack, a gentle dissolution into limpid calm. Kevin Eubanks's "Nemesis" and "Color Of Mind" hir holder trails but are more toe-tappers than wild extravaganzas, their brief unisons recalling (again) Ornette's catchy ries. What I like best about Extensions is that

it's all music. Dave Holland is not out to confound, subvert or defend the tradition: there are no ideological battles or style wars being fought here, no concessions to fashion,

commerce or other expedience. This is just a man making music as best he can, by exploring, and excelling at, all facets of his musicality. His rewards include flawless technique, definess of touch, pellucid intelligence; and, in Extension, one of the year's most mustad officines.

GRAHAM LOCK

STEVE COLEMAN AND FIVE ELEMENTS

Rhythm People (The Resurrection Of Creative Black Civilization)

Rhyden Penfer, Blam Shifting: No Construer, Neutral Zuer, Anir Gust Gut List That; Stip v. Daugeren; Int Mess, The Piuse, Armagoldie (clafe Blook Ed.), Roben Bubanks (th); Strew Coleman (as., v), James Weslman (p., ky), David Gilmotre (g., cyly); Regger Washington, David Holland (b), Marrin Smitty' Smith (d., perc.); Cassandra Walson (v). Collective personnel. Rec: February 1950.

It was been claimed for M-Base that they are the most important realignment of the forces of black music since bebop. Steve Coleman, founder M-Base member and spokessman, has formed a distinctive style but whether he has shaken the foundations quite in the manner of Bird. Board and Monle is less clear.

It is not the element of pop and funk that viriates the claim; you only have to listen to, say, the mid-fol hists of Joe Liggins ("The Honeydripper", "Drippers' Boogue") to tealuze how close beloop was to the R&B ferment. And Coleman is not subduing his band's considerable chops.

The attractive part of Rhythm People is the way it popularizes without courting the petit-bourgeois academicism of fusion. As each tune begins, Reggie Washington's popping electric bass and Marvun "Smitty" Smith's drumming – all stop-go funk and swirding energy — promise something special; shrink-wapped dayglo funk.

Stew Coleman's hard, sinuous alto a overt and confident but it may be part of the problem. Though admirably free of Betdlee School Coltrane-by-numbers ersarz-profundries, there is none of Brots Jaun. The perpetual githness gets wearing, a meal of candyfloss. Modern alto can shine with the true grit: think of such dissimilar stylints as

Bobby Warson or Pere McPhail.

Like Piniki Zoo, the Five Element side their cut from Pinic Time, mixing on a frightnic interaction between players that opposes maintareno complexees. However, they do not take the separation of constituent parts into Oracter's pinicine coophony, in-steed involving each instrument in a funly flager, a containal wraggle and thrust — start but limited. It is almost too work for, the limited from the pinicine could be a full property of the players of the pinicine contains the players of the pinicine contains a possible property of the pinicine contains a property of the pinicine contains a possible p

There are some lovely moments, like "Blues Shifting", with Dave Gilmore's guitar full of bluesy twang and synopated suggestiveness. Dave Holland's acoustic bass provides a much-needed sense of raw strain to "Dannerous". By the end, though, the obsta-



cles and syncopations of the tunes resemble less the dadaistic onslaught of original bebop than George Duke's "funny funk" of the 70s or the humorous skips of chat-show theme-

Cassandra Wilson's musty, enigmatic voice, with its intoxicating gleams and swoops, lends some moth-needed direction to the last track, though even here it fades out in a Swingle Singers bossa worthy of a Martini ad.

Steve Coleman's claim to what Anthony Braxton calls restructuralism — a fundamental advance in the way muse can be put together — stems pole in comparison to the wayeous achieved in the last row decades by harmolodics, Chicigo house or Braxton's own quarter music. Rather, this is penhouse funk whose busy good humour palls over the

leneth of a CD

BEN WATSON

DICK TWARDZIK

1954 Improvisations

Warning Up; Nint Work If Yaw Caw Git It; Roand Maldinglis: Gat Happy, It Could Happer Te Yen, All The Things: You Are; Yaireday's Original; Gue Love It Here To Sany; I Gat A Kiki Gut Of You, Ben You It My Wonney: IR Roemother April Twandiki (ph.) Jack Lawfor (b., track tea); Peter Littmin (d. runds seven=120, Rec. 1994.

Wistrian voic became aware of Twadrakis ages ago or through the recently re-released partie Jazz set, you'll be intrigued by this previously unsuspected home-recording, soldenly, with the recent resists of the Sege Chaloff Fable Of Mahrl (and provided you can still get the session with Chri Baker), all of Twadrakis's will-of-the-wisp output is available simultaneously.

Quirky is the word that always comes to mind for his compositional approach, as opposed to the more satirical and more serious Monk, whom he occasionally resembles. The opening track might be superficially comparable to Monk's "Chordially" warmup on Black Lion, but it's less experimental and soon develops into a medley of "Yestetdays" (quite different from the track seven duo version) plus a few bars each of the Twardzik originals "Albaquerque Social Swim" and "A Crutch For The Crab". These and two of the standards here appear fullyfledged on the Pacific Iazz trio session, for which this may have been a rehearsal - when the draggy bass-player joins in, Twardzik can be heard blaming the drummer - but the performances are looser and more approximate. It's notable too how much more Bud Powell there is in the keyboard work here

Unfortunately the ecooding a fuzzy and he pinon, especially on the unaccompanied tracks, is more out-of-true than anything you've beard on disc before. (Presentation sin't too hot either.' 'I Get A Kick', elsewhere in the inner called 'Just One Of Those where in the inner called 'Just One Of Those where in the inner called 'Just One Of Those innervisation on Edger Sumpson's 'Lullaby Innervisation on Edger Sumpson's 'Lullaby Land Bythm'.') Peter Morras, owner of the zee and presumably the poune, calls the

present issue "One of the handful of great recordings of music of all time", but you should hear the rest of Twardzik's legacy before broaching this.

BRIAN PRIESTLEY

RICKY FORD

Manhattan Blues Candid 79034 CD

In Walked Bod; Misty; Ode To Cropus Attacks; Portrast of Mingui; Bip Novesco, My Little Stroybore; Matchattav Blore; Land Priserval; Half Nelson. Ricky Ford (6), Jaka Byard (p), Milt Hinton (b); Ben Riley (d). Rec. 4 March 1989.

> DAVID FATHEAD NEWMAN QUINTET

Blue Head

Stroke Up The Bored, Blue Head, Willow Winp For-Mer, Bluer For David, What's New, Eyenviness Blues. David Newman (S. sa. 6); Clifford Jordan (ss. 18). Buddy Mongomery (p), Ted Daubse (g), Todd Coolman (b), Marvin "Smirty" Smith (d). Rec: 3 Spottember 1989.

TENORS ALL OUT. I love Fixthead's playing, but as enjoyable as this in-person set; as in-person set; as forces of set; a strate quite as many sparks as his Village Vanguard set First (Arlantic) did has rear. With all the tracks clocking in around the 12-minute mark, the music is just a bit to expansive there's always one solous who goes on too long and lets the stram out of the tune.

It's engaging and dependably rousing music, all the same. If Montgomery tends to doodle. Dunbar is marvellous, always ready with a crisp new line: his solo introduction to "What's New" is so cool and lucid it might have strayed in from another session. But the emphasis is of course on the two horns. Jordan is rather splashy in pares, and he rakes an unattractive soprano solo in "Blues For David*, yet his mortled tone and frayed line make a nice contrast with the tougher, gutsier phrasing by Newman. Jordan's sound is graphite, Fathead's is hard carbon. The leader has some splendid solos - deep dark and cloudy on the haunting title piece, chestily romantic on "What's New", swinging everywhere else. Lots of music (73 minutes) in a shors-off atmosphere.

It sometimes seems as though we'll pever get the definitive Ricky Ford record. This one comes as close as Saxota: Stomp or Shorter Ideas without finally convincing that the tenorman has his finger on a masterpiece. He should be celebrated fat more than he is: that primeval cone, cantankerous energy and flating twist in his improvisations are classic ingredients. He makes Branford seem bland, Chico sound polite. Try the opening "In Walked Bud": he plays the theme in two registers, snarls through a solo which is the kind of controlled uproar that Archie Shepo would like to deliver, and makes the whole performance seem as authentic as original below. But the session doesn't quite sustain an individual impetus.



be developed beyond the quirter from the first probability of the property of

Ford's originals sound as though they

Turn to "Misty" to hear Ford at his best. His withing, blues-steeped lines recall the kind of thing his first inspiration, Roland Kirk, could do with a standard. Another nearly-great Ricky Ford record, When, for God's sike, is someone going to bring him over here?

SERGE CHALOFF

The Fable Of Mabel

You Brought A New Kend Of Love To Me, Zdet, Gh! Boby; Love Ir Jast Arsond The Corner; Easy Street, All I Do I: Dreaw Of You, The Fable Of Mobil (three takes); Sherry; Slaw; A Salast To Tuy (two cakes), Even Manse Mosor Mobil (two takes); Let; Josep (two

takes).
Tracks 1-6: Boots Mussalli (ts), Serge Chaloff (bs);
Ruis Freeman (p); Jimmy Woode (b); Buzzy
Drootin (d). Rec. 9 June 1954.
Remining procks: Helb Bootseys, Nick Consum.

Remaining tracks. Heib Pometoy, Nack Capasuptio (r), Gene Ditrachio (tb), Charlie Mariano (as); Varry Harrounian (ts); Serge Chaloff (bs); Dick Twardnik (p), Ray Oliven (b); Jimmy Zatano (d). Rec. 3 September 1954.

SIRCE CITATOR was the finest bebop barriors susophosus. Erred place in nather a small field, you might think; and, actually, he was a more interesting musician than that a more interesting musician than that Gainston-Bost-O-Resental approach might suggest. There is an emotional weight in his playing, a painted, world-weary quality that makes him into an impressive performer judged on any terms.

Chaloff had plenty of reason to sound joined and world-wary, since his careful applied and world-wary, since his careful one of the most poignast in an era strew became an addict, which I suppose was par for the bop coares, thought the degradate was apparently extreme. Search had no extreme this pooling, than he was stricken by spinal paralysis, a harbringer of the cancer that Killed him at the age of the 1947 from '99, as in started on the notes to this retisual.

The three finest records of his life belong to a short period between his return to music and his death. There are two Capitol albums. Baston Blow-Up and Blue Serge, and this one. Of the three, Blue Serge - which also features Philly Joe Jones and Sonny Clarke - is the very best, but Fable Of Mabel is the most intriguing. It consists of two sessions, the first of which is a good, straight-forward example of the category of swing-bop recently defined in Wire. Chaloff, in truth, had roots deep in Swing. The gently despairing mood of "Easy Street" is his own, but it is essentially a ballad performance in the tradition of Harry Carney or Ben Webster. The thing that made him the star bop baritone was his ability to negoriate astonishingly fast tempos on his galumphing horn. (Even Chaloff found them difficult – there were 16 takes of Woody Herman's "Four Brothers", the first 15 aborted because Herman thought Chaloff was dragging the remmo.)

The most fiscinating thing on the record, however, it the scood season, which includes unusual charts by Charlie Miratino and Herb Fomeroy, plus a wooderful threemovement piece. The Fabbe Of Mabel⁴, by Dick Twastziki, which simply shoots quality and originality. Twastziki died soon afterwards at the age of 23 of an overdose. The quantity of states which was needleasly destroyed in the 40s and 50s is one of the suddest thines about izar.

MARTIN GAYFORD

IASON REBELLO

A Clearer View

Back To Back, Medesa Sedectr, Ship To Shore; Panels N' Judy; Goldee Fleer; Ist Instinct, A Clearer View; Schable; Toer Row; Menorad. Rebellio (p. ky), David O'Higgins (sexes), Julian Krampeon, Luvernec Cottle (b); Jeremy Stacy (d). Carl Van Den Bossche (secer). Rec. Yune 1990.

Wirm Novus initially approached Jason Rebello with a recording contrast they went in Rebello with a recording contrast they went in any suspised to discover their offer want the possible to only one on the table. With the possible the exception of Seew Williamson's A Waltz Feet exception of Seew Williamson's A Waltz Feet Consu (Verve), Bellelo's recording debut has not been the most eagerly anticipated of all the most eagerly anticipated of all the distribution of the clustry of vision and execution he has demonstrated in interperformance.

However, the prolific rate at which these row discoveries are being signed, both here and in the States, could be reaching attantion points. Recording, the 19-year-call plannist Vernell Brown Jr confersed he made his Vernell Brown Jr confersed he made his Vernell Brown Jr confersed he made his vernel and the property of the property

and it gets your name on the map because the

sidem is PN-simpley friendly.

A Claure Vow describes gractial crossover holding patterns, seeking not to chilenge but one termina. Redello has created a series of compositions where he knows hus musicans will be confortable and can easily express themselves. It's their sharer values of confirmanship that makes this abbum work, Cortie and Krampson's thumbed loss lines. Sury's tight determining and O'Hagane thoughtful and perbing coprans on the halfterior of the device. Then N I walley.

Rebello alternates between electronic and acoustic keyboards — often during the same number — responding to the needs of the composition, and throughout posing few questions to which he doesn't already know

ACLASES VIEW

the answer. Thus there are moments of easy rhetoric rather than profound insight. He has taken nor so much a soft option as an uncontroversial one, yet has done enough to ensure that any final judgement is deferred.

DEFUNKT

Herses

Gat To Griv, Ram Flower, Fexy Lady, I Want Your Griffrend; Mante Depression, Mr Bood; Peere, Control Frincis; D.-Barroson, Milaspike, Mary Bruscham (v), John Mulkerim (t, v), Joe Bowie (tb, conga, v), Bill Backford (g, v), Kim Clarke (b, v), Kenny Martin (d, v), Rec. no desails. MY THEORY (which is mine) has always insisted that pazers already play far too well of "well" to begin to understand cock for "well." to begin to understand cock for "rest." - Edt. so that for example, when they heard Hendrick, they heard fast-finger fiddle-noise, eather than chaotically unstable Electron. Blues terror (exception: Miles, who had of counts been exploiting fluffs and fright for the control of the counts of the counts

My theory (which is mine) falls to the ground the montrnt you look into the actual history of New York fusion in the 70s, a brusulity gener already attuned to things well beyond mere technique (though rarely captured on record). There were fusion guitarities then, Yermon Real told me recently, whose shows left you feeling two foot shorter, they were to least, so vary.

But still when Defunkt took this tendition overground to New York punk audiences in the early 80s, they were trading in one-of-a-kind blitted urban purchous and No Wave apocalypse paranoia: a big step away from mainstream fusion's harpy-gofathend Universal Lown's Box Our Records routines (and a snarling sidesten beyond Parliament's altered state of the funk-parion streatenies). So 1990 is the seas of Timi's return to the frontline (all frontlines), and though Reid is long gone, and successors Kelyen Bell, Martin Aubert and Ronnie Drayton also. Defunkt have an LP called Homes which includes two Hendry songs ("Foxy Lady" and "Manic Depression"). Alongside the Bond and Batman themes.

They're OK no more Defunkt's witche edgy urgency has been coded into mannerism for a long time now: Bowie's repeated habitkicking subbaricule can handle have belond Even the sheer nastiness of "I Want Your Girlfriend" (with its brilliantly meanspirited opening vocal) dissipates quickly. Always overrense and monochromatic, they used to date you to make something of this addictive singlemindedness their best strength. They still look ereat, but although the sound has loosened a little with the democratisation of writing credits, they don't appear to have noticed how many others have put toes in the No Wave funk pool since Thermonaclear Sweat . .

Living Colour's Tiss's Up and the Marc Ribot-Rootless Cosmopolitans LPs – both flawed, both important – take great Defunkt/Hendrix ideas and push them on out into uncharted regions, if you want consumer clues. Defunkt made this possible. They seem to have made themselves impossible in the process, or redundant, or something.

MARK SINKER

RAVI SHANKAR/ PHILIP GLASS

Passages

Offering; Metring; Adong The Edgs; Charach, And Winds; Sadhangs, Ragua le Mines Scale, Pandassur, Rome Marcumdar (D; Shabba Shankar (strate); Partha Sarathy (strate), venant, Sanshar (strate); Partha Sarathy (strate), venant, Sanshar (ristate), Rava Shankar, S. P. Balaudearmanyan, The Madase Rava Shankar, S. P. Balaudearmanyan, The Madase Rava Shankar, S. P. Balaudearmanyan, The Madase (Shankar, Shankar, Gond); Suresh Lalwan, Michael Riesman (stud. mix. pso); Groden Gordchth (spect); Jennie Gagne (v); plus occhestra. Recvon dare

KEVIN VOLANS

Cover Him With Grass

White Mam Slaps, Mhora, She Who Slaps With A Small Blanker, White Man Slaps. Margret Timbennos (via da gamba), Volans, Debeeth James, Robert Hill (hps), Robyn Schulkowsky (perc), the Smith Quarter. Collective personnel. Rec: 20 April 1984, 23 April and 27 July 1989.

It's easy to be cynical about the interpenetration of Westernart music and music from other cultures where the distinction between folk and arr music is either vague or imaginary. When the interpenetration has been contrived by a Western composer with a conservatoire background, all too often the results are a patronising exploitation of supposed exotica, resulting in the musical equivalent of an ethnic theme restaurant. How come no one ever invited a group of Xhosa musicians to re-interpret a Beethoven sonata? The results could arguably be more interesting to Western listeners than either of these records, both of which seem to rely for their undeniable appeal on pernicious cultural censorship, masquerading as art. Except . . .

Well, for one thing, except that Kevin

Volans, a jolly-looking white South African in a suit, does demonstrate a deeply-therished understanding of the aesthetic parameters of native African music. "It is," he says in his slevenose, "essentially a music of hem one knowing. It does not aim at transporting the listener, but reinforces and intensifies the here and now." The fact that these qualities are often claimed for free improvisation is reason enough to check out this

carefully-crafted quartet of pieces.
"White Man Sleeps" has, of coarse, already been recorded by the Kronos Quartet. Here, the Smith Quarter at least provide a basis for composition, a rare enough event in the field of recordings of new composition. The original version of the piece is also included, employing instrumentation which will be a provided to the contract of the contraction of the contract of the contract of the contract version of the piece is also included, employing instrumentation which will be a recommendate of fifties in this.



ings. This typefies Volans's willingness to address African music on its own terms, a theme which also dominates the other compositions included in the recording. Strange stuff, all of it, but mainly insofar as we, as listeners, still have very little experience of musics which traily cut across cultural currents.

Another exception to the forgoing polimical outburst is a unequivocal, two-saded collaboration between two participants from different cultures. Peere Baumano, con-time Tang and founder of the Private Music label, has contrived to reunite the increasingly world-weary American systemicar IP Glass with the sitar muertro whose passing aquinistance series to have metamorphous from a week during which Glass first addreted the subject of Indan composition (and got it wrong) into a lifelong influence. However, this is somewhat subverced by the wickedly diffident quotes from both parties. "I taught him everything I could in that short time," says Ravi of Glass. "I owe a lor to Ravi; he was one of my teachers," says

Philip. From this Private Eve-style relationship the collaborators have, in fact, fashioned a most unusual music. Many purported crossovers between Eastern and Western music ultimately wimp out by latching onto the more superficial elements of both and blending them into a kind of exoric froth. And, at one level, Passages sounds like a fugal fusion of Bach and bhangra in a way which makes you wonder what you saw in either. But the whole album has a remarkable sense of animation and - which is rarer - its own repertoire of genuinely new sonorities. The combination of Indian instrumentation and voices with an almost wilfully Western string section produces a compulsive nonmixture in which each aspect of the music's conceptual structure retains its integrity. And it all steams along with an extrovert vigour, contrasting nicely with the introspective mood of Glass's remarkable but grossly under-marketed (contractual obligation?) Salo Piano album which came out earlier this year from CBS. Who said reviewers never have to buy records? TOM CORBIN

TOM CORBIN

PHEEROAN AKLAFF

Sanogram Hullet CD

Bit Her, Serson, Alligator And Kangaros; Toute De Sante; Sonogram; Jaggler. Carlos Waed (as), John Scubblefield (ts); Sonny Sharrock (g); Kenny Davis (b), Phreroan sklaff (d). Rec. August 1989.

LIKE ALL the great drummers, Piccroun Aklaff has sport most of his career making other people sound good and, in the last 15 years, has appeared on around 50 albums that cover all bases of modern American improvisation. Whether tracing a web of delicate patterns to contain James Newrow's flute solos, egging in the Sonny Sharrock band, or circumanyaptang the flendibly tricky structures.

tures of Anthony Davis's music, he gives each context the weight and momentum it prouites. Yet the range of his versarility seemed to work against him on two eather leader dates, which lacked a clear sense of direction. A familiar drummer's problem. which has derailed albums by Elvin, De-Johnette and others, Somonum, however, feels like a breakthrough.

The only non-original in the set is Miles's "Tour De Suite", from the marvellous Filles De Kilimanjaro, and is an indicator of the approach taken this time. AkLaff doesn't sound like Tony Williams, but he has a comparably developed polyrhyrhmic mobiliry which becomes one of Samonou's primary subjects. Phreroan's beautiful, balleticallyadroit drums dance and sway at the centre of this music, it seems to flow and roll around him, yet there is never a sense of grandstanding of technique exploited for its own sake.

"Serious" is just that. Grave, shifting chords move slowly over a very fast drums/ bass pulse (akLaff circling his own hear). The horns move out to solo. Sharrock, that hornplaying guitarist first, in his Coltrane bag, worrying the heart strings. Then Carlos Ward, with a smoky, sly solo that at first invites akLaff to add his comments in the pauses between phrases, then gradually fills up the spaces, jousts with Stubblefield at the climax returns to the moody shifting cloudchords . .

On electric bass on "Bit Her" Kenny Davis maintains a groove (temperamentally close to Shannon Jackson's "Decoding") that serves as a pendulum-like reference for the activity that develops. At the front of the piece, akLaff plays waves of sound on the drums with great sensitivity to tone and rimbre.

The title track is an impeccably tasteful drum solo that has real developmental logic and compositional form. The kick-drum, tuned quite high, maintains an almost talking-drum like function, conversing with the rest of the kir, while the hi-har adds irs own prettily chirruping comments. Excellent piece.

My only quibble with the record is that it stems to be over too soon. Playing time's a modest 36 minutes. What happened before the fade-in on "Juggler"? And after the fade-out on "Bit Her"? I think we should be

ART BLAKEY & THE IAZZ MESSENGERS

Three Blind Mice Volume 1 Blue Note P 7 844512 CD

Thee Blind May Blue Mass That Old Feeling Plexis: Up Jampal Spring, Up Jamped Spring (alt); When Lashts Are Low. Children Of The North Freddie Hubbard (t); Curus Fuller (tb), Wayne

Shorter (ts), Cedar Walton (p), Ivmse Mernet (b); Art Blakey (d) Rec: March 1962. Keystone 3 Convert lary C-4156 LP/HC/CD

In Walked Bad, In A Sextensextal Mond. Faller Love. Waterfalls, A La Mode Wynton Marsalis (t): Branford Marsalis (as), Bill Pierce (ts), Donald Brown (p), Charles Famborough (b), Art Blakey (d). Rec. January 1982.



I Get A Kick Out Of Bu Soul Note 121155 LP/HC/CD

Yang, Good Morning Heartache, Mayreb, Resender When, Love Walked In. Lover Man, Driew Solo No 7; I Get A Kick Out Of You. Philip Harper (t), Robin Eubanks (tb), Javon Jackson (ts), Benny Green (p); Leon Dorsey (b), Art

Blakey (d). Rec: 11 November 1988. LOUIS HAVES SEXTET

The Crawl Cardid C 79945 CD

Escape Velscory, The Crawl, Yesterdays, Ran Before The San, Automo In New York, Blues In Five Dimensioni, Barbuar Sorg. Charles Tolliver (t), Gury Bartz (sa), John Stubblefield (ts, ss), Mickey Tucker (p), Cline Houston (b); Louis Hayes (d) Rec. 14 October 1989

Una Max eleChine SC 11263 LENCO

El Cult Hay You Don't Know What Law Is. Gers. Una May Sandade Rathu's Heart Tolliver (t): Gerald Haves (as): Stubblefield (ts): Kenny Barron (e). Houston (b): Louis Hayes (d). Rec. 10 December 1989

As PRACTITIONERS of the art of drumming and champions of hard bon. Art Blakey and Louis Haves go back a long way, and are further connected through their key playing relationships with Horace Silver, Blakev's Three Bland Mace is the earliest of this handful of hard boo sessions by almost 20 years, and in many ways the best

For one thing, it belongs to a period when the licks had not yet hardened into cliches, regidified by three decades of earnest imitation; it also bossts a superb line-up of players who could still approach this music (perhaps for the last time) as something to be explored rather than learned

Perhaps surprisingly in the light of later Blakey units, the highlights of the album come not in the inexorably up-tempo, theme-solos-theme features, which became the seemingly carved in stone structural law of hard bop, but in the ballads Hubbard, especially, is meltingly beautiful on "Blue Moon*, while Walton is bouvantly inventive on "That Old Feeling".

Shorter's obliquity and Fuller's more mainstream approach make this one of the great Messengers outfits, fertile with ideas and full of contrasts. The band which features on the Keystone 3 set has already established its claim to be considered one of the key groupings of Blakey's post-70s revival, and if it is not the equal of its predecessor. that is largely because the medium itself has lost something in the interim. In the hands of Wynton, Branford (back

when he still played alto, a less satisfactory horn for him than tenor) and Bill Pierce, hard bop has become a shinier, more highgloss product, impeccably and inventively performed, but lacking just that sense of discovery which still peeps out from the Three Blind Micrososson. There is no sense at all of the players going through the motions - on the contrary, they are up there playing their hearts out - but there is a distinct sense of fixity in the music itself. That seems a loss to me, although other

ears may well prefer their power and greater slickness. It would be hard to aroue that the band on I Get A Kick Out Of Bu were up to the standard of either of these groups, but, as always, there are good things in there, especially from pianist Benny Green, and the crisp ensembles and clever (if slightly predictable) soloing are just as we have come to expect from any outfit bearing the Blakey stamp.

The character of a particular version of The Messengers is often down to a single powerful musical presence in the group, someone to take Blakey's basic parameters and bend them in distinctive ways. This band seems to lack an obvious candidate to take on that vital shaping role (more recently, trombonist Frank Lacy has had just that effect), and as a consequence it ends up sounding highly competent but a little characterless.

Louis Hayes is better known as a distinguished sideman than as a leader, but he has pulled together some fascinating musicians in his sexter, and in doing so has extended the basic hard bop register of the hand in more contemporary directions. Trumpeter Charles Tolliver and the excellent John Stubblefield, a consistently impressive saxorhonist whose standing deserves to be even higher, are common to both, as is the rhythm section, but the substitute players are no real help in deciding a preference for either of these fine sers.

The Crawl has the stronger alto player in Gary Bartz, Mickey Tucker's blues-saturated piano, and the club atmosphere, while U_{Rat} Max benefits equally from the more considered studio environment and the presence of the great Kenny Barron on piano. In each case, though, Hayes's group steers clear of the production-line, straight down the middle bard bop sound now so prevalent in New York, but without abandoning the roots from which he palpably springs. If you have to play this music now, then this is surely the direction to take it in

KENNY MATRIESON

ORCHESTRA NATIONAL DEJAZZ

African Dream abel Blee LBLC 6521 CD Select People, Sumeters, African Dream, Sornettei, Fank Street, L'Horone A Le Levre, Corcerto 'NI: Fenalement Le Coil Ne New Est Pay Touche Sur Let Tete Antoine Illouz, Michel Delskinn, Christian Martinez, Philippe Slominski (t), Jacques Bolognesi,

Bernard Camoin, Glenn Ferris, Denis Leloup (tb), Didier Haver (thu), Pietre-Olimer Gorin, Laurene Dehors, Gilbert Dall'anese, Patrice Perindidier, Jean-Pietre Solves, Francis Boursec, Alain Hator (reeds), Philippe Guez (ky), Antoine Hervé (ky, arr), Nguyen Le (g); Eurane Mbaroc, Francois Moutin (b), Pietre-Michel Balthazar (petc); Mokhtar Samba (d). Collective personnel. Rec. 1988-

Label Bleu LBLC 6529 CD

Parada (Axer Renorme), Poor Grel Shaffle, Yes! (Bur Brubnu?), Pour Clavette, Mah; Matthe, You Klein, =! Un Manustato!. So Wie Es Klaset. New Und Talver, 42 Blagnes Metaphysiques, Mad Squirrel, Modernes, Nebboal Foceprints



Jean-Francois Canapes, Pacrick Fabert (t); Yves Favre, Luca Bonvana (tb), Machel Godard (tba), Michael Riessler, Robert Rangell (sixes); Nissim Micom (p), Jean-Louis Matinier (acc), Gerard Pansanel, Serge Lausrevitch (g); Claude Barthelemy (g., arr), Renoud Garcia-Fons, Jean-Luc Ponthieux (b). Christian Lete, Manuel Denizer (d). Rec. December 1989.

CRAZY, WACKY, zany - it's not Loose Tubes who hold the monopoly on big band nuttiness. Consider several European proposals (New Jungle Orchestra, Breuker, ICP aggregations) but particularly the ONJ, the Gallic ensemble which shuffles personnel and appoints a different musical director each year. Previous MDs such as François Jeanneau have adopted a more straight-ahead approach with some fine results (check earlier Label Bleus for confirmation). Antoine Hervé

and Claude Barthelemy prefer to cram in as many unlikely twists as they can.

Both of these entertaining records resemble non-stop firework displays. No sooner has one rockerbury of brass died away than a shower of saxes lights up the stereo - pardon the purple prose, but these continuous explosions tend to encourage it. The arrangements, if one can call them that, are more like a set of juxtapositions which ger wilder and more unlikely as the discs progress. Herve's more likely to think in funk and fusion terms, Barthelemy is the one who works in satirical paragraphs (hence "Poor Girl Shuffle" and "Moderne" among his titles) There are some dizzving bits of virtuosity "Mib" is a marvellous feat of circularbreathed clariner by Michael Riessler. Nguyen Le has some strong moments . . . in

fact, all the soloists dive in with aplomb. Perhaps it's inevitable, though, that the impact of the music wears rather thin when taken more than a few tracks at a time. There's simply too much going on, a 'world sazz' that could do with shutting its mouth every so often. It wouldn't have hurt to have included a ballad meditation or two, or some piece which involved the entire Orchestra at some length, most of the tracks sharter the band into brilliant pieces. But it's something I'd love to see on stage.

MIKE PISH

JOHN SURMAN

Road To Saint Ives

ECH 1418 LP/CD/MC Pulperro, Tentagel; Trethery Quist, Raws Head, Mesa-

grossy, Lecturabiel, Perrasporth, Budman Moor, Kelly Bray, Psperspool, Marazzon, Bedruthan Steps John Sutman (ss, bs, bcl, ky, perc). Rec: April 1990.

YOU DON'T expect anything less than excellence from a John Surman album: purely on the level of musicianship and seductively fine sound quality he makes supremely reliable records. If this sounds like faint praise, I'd stress that there is plenty to admire on his latest offering, but it does also raise one nagging question - why shell our money on a new Surman album when it sounds so much like the other?

The inspiration for Road To Saint Ises is, as its title suggests, the landscape and history of Cornwall, but if there were no sleeve note or track titles to tell you this you could easily believe that you were simply listening to further takes from the Private City session. Rippling synthesisers set up a backdrop of simple arpeggios, overlaid with those rich, slippery sax and clarinet lines which always feel as though they have been extracted as random from some endless improvisation going on inside Surman's head.

The tension which this format establishes - between the programmed inflexibility of the synths and the more wayward and vital contribution of the live musicum - ought to be intriguing. Is it so intriguing, though, that "Tintagel", with its stately, church organ-like keyboard track and meandering bass clarinet, justifies all of its 12 minutes? Here, as on certain moments from his other records. I was struck by the uncomfortable solemnity of much of Sutman's music: the sense that his characteristically delicate balance between lyricism and gloom can easily tip over into portentousness.

That said, there are some lovely things on this album. On "Rame Head" the arreggio accompaniment is assigned to saxes tather than keyboards, and this makes for greater textural interest on a track which also goes through some particularly spine-tingling chord changes. And the sequenced pattern on "Piperspool" is more ingenious than most, prompting a sax solo of disquieting edginess. which stands out on a record not otherwise notable for its energy. Perhaps the bottom line is that everybody should own one John Surman album, and this one is as good as - if no great advance on - the others. IONATHAN COP

MARIAN MCPARTLAND

At The Hickory House Jamine JAS CD 312 CD

I Hear Music; Tickle Tot, Street Of Dreams, How Long Has This Been Going On, Let's Call The Whole Thing Off: Lash Lafe: Mad Alost The Bey: Levy You Madly: Skylark, Ja-Da, I've Told Every Lattle Star; Moon Marian McPareland (p); Bill Crow (b), Joe Morello

(d); unknown hp and clo on some tracks. Rec.

MARIAN MCPARTLAND

Plays The Benny Carter Songbook Concord 4412 CD/MC

When Lights Are Lose, I'm In The Mood For Swing, A Kus From Yor, Key Large; Another Time, Agother Place; Summer Serenade; Doozy; Lonely Woman; Only Trast Year Heart, Evening Star, Easy Money. Benny Carter (as). Marian McPartland (n): John Clayron (b); Harold Jones (d) Rec: January 1990.

COUNT BASIE

Kansas City Suite Roulette CDP 79 4575-2 CD



Vine Street Ramids, Katy-Dr.; Mrss Messeure; Jackson County Jabeles, Samest Glow, The Waggle Walk, Meeten' Time, Pases Pronemode, Blue Fire Jun, Rowpen' At The Repo.

Sonny Cohn, Thad Jones, Joe Newman, Snooky Young (t), Henry Coker, Al Grey, Benny Powell (tb); Marshall Royal, Frank Wess, Frank Foster, Billy Mitchell, Charles Fowlkes (saxes), Count Basic (p); Freddie Green (g); Eddie Jones (b); Sonny Payne (d) Rec. 6-7 September 1961

MARIAN McPARTLAND'S skills are undimmed by the passing of time; she's one of those musicians who really do get better all the time. Perhaps the experience of her Psans lazz programmes has sharpened her taste for fresh areas of discovery. She's certainly the most modern-sounding player on the Concord date, the most inquisitive improviser and the most alert accompanist. Not that the music on the lasmine reissue

is in any way untogether. This was McPartland's regular trio (although it isn't an inconcert recording) and they play with real ensemble sensitivity. Listen to the perfect tempo chosen for "Love You Madly", the reharmonisation of the melody of "I Hear Music", or the way an old tune such as "Ia-Da" is made new. Crow and Morello are about as simparico as one would wish, fruthering the ballads or motoring through the uptempo numbers, yet nothing sounds either coddled or rushed. The pianist takes conrained yet fully-realised solos. The remastering hasn't done much for the sound - my old Capitol LP sounds just as good - and the inclusion of harp and cello on a few tracks (presumably some producer's idea of pretrifying the music) is vaguely annoving. But it's nice to have this one back.

Benny Cartet's tunes aren't always the rich source of material one might imagine from an acknowledged giant. The 1961 Basic set, for instance, is a pretty lacklustre set of charts, played with deadpan competence by the band when it was about to embark on one of its least interesting phases. Aside from a few worthwhile moments - such as the chance to hear the undervalued Billy Mitchell on "Jackson County" - the music and the charts never really creare sparks

The Concord session is a much more substantial affair. Benny himself continues to defy Father Time with astonishing case: his alto contributions are as deft and languorous as ever. But they do seem to come from another era. There's something almost quaint about the way he slurps into his notes on "A Kiss For You" and "Only Trust Your Heart", and although his wriggling improvisation on "Another Time" still displays rare command, there's a sense of throwback: alto players just don't play like this any more. Sometimes he sounds as if he's doing no more than skating, amused, over the surfaces of his tunes, as though he feels he's said enough and is simply unprepared to go any deeper.

The tracks by the trio alone tend to come off best. "Key Largo" is the essence of the session: the pianist takes an especially measured journey across the theme, the time again exactly right, and it feels as though a previously-hidden undertow of feeling has been sought out. Clayton's filigree work is particularly effective here. "Lonely Woman" is nearly as good, and the one tune which could be called a Carrer warhorse, "When Lights Are Low", is done with shrewd restraint. A great peano record, with a promising saxophoniss on hand.

DUDU PUKWANA

Zila

Mra-Kali; Hamba (Go Amay); Big Apple, Comes (Amazue); A Blues For Nick; Zwelstoke (Please Wake

Up).

Dudu Pukwana (as, ss); Lucky Ranku (g); Roland Perin (ky); Einc Richards (b), Steve Arguettes (d), Pinise Saul (v, perc), Fins Ramoba Mogoboya (perc), Rec: 2 November 1989.

178 a shame to have to say it, but this it as less than gripping event. Even though logic less than gripping event. Even though logic insists that Pokwana inst' the first jan musician whose final recorded works wasn't up to how the should be rumembered (now will, be be the liss) there's still a sense of disappointment. And it's all the more regretable stiller have been also also all the more shall still the recorded (legacy into going to be all that large anyway. The same sort of thins haseneds with be Harrist.

At least it's not short of variety. "Hamba" has a pretty sung line as its base; "Big Apple" has a bluesy way with it and the most convincing moments of the set from Pukwana himself, powerful and economical. For my money it would have worked better with a straight four going behind it, but then that's not the sort of thing they set out to do, so maybe it's unfair comment. "Blues For Nick" in some strange way recalls the feeling of something that Annie Ross might have done for Prestige in the early 1950s; there are times when you can sniff many cross-cultural breezes here. That whatever Ross did with it would have been rhythmically different would not be the point here - what it permane is that it would have been shorter. One of the fundamental problems with this set is really the length of time the group spends on material that can't sustain it: so all too often it's a question of never do anything once if you can do it twice or, even better. three times. The 16-minute "Cosmics" is the longest: sometimes I've known 16 minutes to pass very quickly but here, probably because of the absence of any real development, it seems like a very long time. Maybe it's supposed to be hypnotic, but it feels more like Hugh Masakela – it's as formularised as that. Pukwana at his best was a million miles beyond that kind of thing.

IACK COOKE

MEREDITH D'AMBROSIO

South To A Warmer Place Surpride SSC 1939 CD

The Touch Of Your Lips, I Can Dream Can't I, T'Am't No Use, Dream Dancing, He Was Too Good to Mr. You're Mr. Instruction, Standars I'll Find You.



Mornung, Yun Batter Go, Nanc, My Shouting, Hunis, Nightungsdir, Yun Are The Life Of Ma, Everythoug: Lucr, Moor Thaw Yon Krosse, When A Woman Lucer A Man, Tenitria De Awar, South To A Warmer Pleas. Los Golombo (I), Eddie Higgans (sp); Don Coffmin (b); Dianny Burger (d); Mercelith d'Ambeosio (V). Collectric personnel: Rec. 26 February 1985).

Sourrarss I think Hirler would have made a great sengevire. If you'r spass roll at la, saske at a lag one was his morto, and it's a policy followed sairclosurely by many privates, not least those responsible for "Love Is A Simple Thing" ("Bright as an angul's sings), "While We're Young" (Eury day is Prong) and, from Arnet' You Gold to De You'r, the positively Danceyeque (imagine it study by a chevous of extrey carrier of a single point of the point of the

Il moriton this bocause desley choice of repretties, plus desley choice of scompaniment, are the ves coligini which have repeatedly flused Merclaid A'Ambonio's recordings over the last resy. The Fee I all for the prosecution reso record Sanapside CD ressearch 1981 x Janut Par ISSC 10171) and 1982 x Janut 1983 x Janut Par ISSC 10170). The former has the three stops above CH 1981 x Janut Par ISSC 10170 in more above the tree sog above CH 1981 x Ownood to be not made to the source of the coling of the property of the coling of the property of the coling of the coling

lend "a tasteful opulence to the project". But forget all that. The new South To A Warner Place is the minor masterpiece Meredith d'Ambrosio has been promising for a decade. At last, all the elements fall into place: she's picked a set of five-star standards. with barely a too-cute line in earshot, and assembled a sensitive small-group of accompanists, among whom Eddie Higgins, with his ribands of bright notes, stands out as the perfect foil for d'Ambrosio's low. lugubriously-swinging vocals. The results are enchanting: a display of top-class 1822 singing, intimate in style, subtle in execution, and with no unwanted distractions to make you cringe. "He Was Too Good To Me" is touchingly rueful, "You're My Inspiration" a deft swinger, "You Better Go Now breathes languorous regret Then there's the sweet, Latin-tinged sadness of "Tristeza De Amar" . . . But go out, buy this CD and find your own favourires: all 17 of them

GRAHAM LOC

THE HONKIES

How Do We Present The Advance Of The Desert?

By The Sair, Old Mee Doe't Want Te Du; Lutle Blaings, I Carried My Doecong Shor Ie My Gas Math Cast; See, Heav De W. Pervent The Adaptive Of The Doest't; The Trails Alast Mr, Kay Georg, Ad Spill In The Array, Weaters, The Heav Ya Short Spill In The Array, Weaters, The Heav Ya Short Hanges Areas

Andy Diagram (t, v), Kathy Hulme (s, clo, v); Caroline Keashel (s, v); Dick Harrison (d, th, wishing machine) Rec. 1989, 1990.

THE SPACEHEADS

Ho! Fat Wallett
Bop Cassettes BIP 803 HC

Pay My Musey Deave, No Zande Wath These Spaceheard, Kairmquer, Space Ouer, The Ruders Are Ropenside, Dowin Clauser, Lawe & Baildern, Bad Many, Stack be A. Saren; Shue Lofe, Bag Waddie, Leve In Bad; Back To Wark. Andry Diagram (s. fuzz t. ciec bens, v); Big Al, Karby Holme (v); Marran Hennin (b). Dock Hornson (d. v., ment). Collective personnel Rev. 1989).

How convoxs is it that The Spaceheads have come up behind an affing Arr Encemble and guidensily overtaken them on the initial ender ON, it is given to the for the moment. In terms of any "great black music" retrainmenteding deed, Spaceheads and Houkies music retrainmented guided, Spaceheads and Houkies Mancherer ovent-fuelers with a trate for small sounds in wide open alteres, their forebears are still A Certain Ratio, rather for the Amarcherer ovent-fuelers with a trate for forebears are still A Certain Ratio, rather forebears are still A Certain Ratio, rather fuelers with a Sur Ratio Proportioner Individuals and Sur Ratio Proportion

That said, the casettee is (like all the half-dozen Bop Casettees I've so fa heard) half-dozen Bop Casettees I've so fa heard) agreat. If even say faultless, if it were still a compliance. Diagram's expectively spinnered trumpet acts as gener-narrator to a parade of trumpet acts as gener-narrator to a parade of soons, as independent currout libeats, some set punkyard-shily abstract, some of them as the same properties possible of them odd, understated, original structures making their points and possing by.

sonic discovery, nor the fabulist re-invention

of everything everywhere

The Hockes' LP as much messuer. There are probably more local epipulanuse, but less satisfactory progress from one passage to the near. I love the pervasive squeaky edge of all the brass playing on both releases, and the little shoestring world dramss Hulme and Knazled pop up with, but instrumental group intelligence is cloudier and often day-appears (with The Spaccheads, escendial due with guests, there's never a sense of failed settli-indigence).

Bluntly, of course, this crowd (whichever grouping they arrive in) are trying things out for themselves. And that purs them way above 99% of the glibly rerun muso-fed "jaza" that clogs up our lives. Spaceheads and Honkies, shoaled in by squarworld austerny, are part of the present because they defer to no one's rules but their own. As the dust of the 80s clears, that's an attribute more valuable than polish. Or even knowledge.

The Hawkus' LP available from 16 Bulford Are, Whalley Ramps, Manchester M16 8JS, or 33 Harper House, Angell Rd, London SW9

ALFRED SCHNITTKE

Concerto Grosso No 1

Deutsche Grammophon 427 413 CD/MC

Concerts Gresso No 1; Quast Una Sonata, Moz-Art A La Haydo.

La Hajah,
Gidon Kreiner, Tatania Grindenko (vn), Yuri
Smirnov (hps. prepared p), Chamber Orchestra of
Europe, Gidon Kreiner, Heinrich Schiff (cond).
Collective personnel: Rec. September 1988.



Ritual

Retaul, (K.Ew. Sownernerhrinaue, Passociglia, Malmo Symphony Orchestra, Led Segrestan (cond), Rec. 20 January 1989 'Sad Narkhew Und Washer' (Fasat Canstas), Inger Blom, Mikeal Bellini, Louis Devos, Ulrik Cold (soloists), Malmo Symphony Chorus & Orchestra; Jimes DePress (cond) Rec. 3, 4 March 1989)

The Devis creardy has the best cuse in Schnitric's Fause Cantans'. It sait of brooding horror crupes into livid turmoil as Mephasopheles gloots over Faust's volcent demits: "For the knowler was interested with blood/lith beam was through to the wall. ... His per were also helvidad also a mander of his tatch." The mezzo-soprano (Blom) moans and centre in quasi-sexual blood ferony while the orchestra thunders out a dark maelstrom of hellish noise: it's brutal, stomach-churning, electrifying — the most gripping demonic intervention in Western music since Don Giovanni's onstage immolation in "hideous source" of hellifer.

The comparison is not so far-fetched: Schnittke has said that "Faust" is "simultaneously a preparation for a future opera" as well as being, in its cantata form, a "negative Passion". I suspect it's the pull of the future opera which generates much of the creative tension here: Faust's sombre, salutary procession to certain doom is galvanized by moments of high drama in which Schnittke allocates the liveliest music to the bad guys. The rest of the BIS CD is relatively small beer. "Passacaglia", inspired by the sea and structured as "seven ascending waves", is the most ingenious piece, but its impact is lessened by its sharing a similar overstructure to the shorter "Ritual": the music begins pranissino, gradually builds to a tumultuous crescendo, then fades again. (It's a device of which Schnittke seems excessively fond; cf his third symphony.) The remaining "(K)Ein Sommernachtstraum" provides the most obvious example of Schnittke's famous "polystylism": here he creates "a Mozart-Schubert-related rondo", noting that "I did not steal all the 'antiquities' in this piece: I faked them". They're good fakes too, except that he signs them with a very contemporary

"Moz-Art A La Haydn", from the DG CD, is similarly fake, but more fun; a collage of improvised, pastiche and genuine Mozart fragments that de- and re- construct with repically post-modern playfulness. But to hear Schnirrke's polystylism at its most impressive (and ferocious), listen to "Concerto Geosso No 1", probably his best-known work: Baroque figurations, free chromaticism and sentimental dance tunes are tossed into a melee of extravagant, full-blooded collisions, given superb voicing here by Kremet and Grindenko, particularly in the shricking sheets-of-strings climax to the third movement leave and in the ravishing violins dialogue that begins a fifth movement rouds, whose pseudo-Barooue splendour rapidly disintegrates in frantic "Agitato".

The "Concerto", written in 1976-77, may be, as the notes claim, a "licas classicus" of Schnittke's polystylism; however, it is "Quasi Una Sonata", originally written for violin and piano in 1968 (though given here in the 1987 version for violin and chamber orchestra), to which we must turn to uncover its source - in the attempt to forge a new musical form from a contrast of tonal and serial styles. Again, the work's excitement derives from its violent juxtapositions: Kremer plays like a man possessed, flailing against the might of the orchestra as sledgehammer chords chase his jagged violin lines and dissonant piano flurries whitl around glimpses of keening lyricism, until, in a fantastic climax, orchestra and piano try to pulverise the violin into submission, only to hear it twist and wriggle, squeal and snarl its independence in a final solo flourish.

not be a Faust (heaven forbid), but there's a case to be made that, as creator of polystylism, he's the Dr Frankenstein of current composition.

Monstrously exciting stuff! Schnittke may GRAHAM LOCK

ARNETT COBB HMMY HEATH JOE HENDERSON

Tenor Trebute Soul Note 121184 LP/CD/MC

Steeple Chase, Sweeth Sasling; Lester Leaps In, Bailad Medley: Body And Stal, Ask Me Now, When Swany Gets Blue; I Gut Rhythm Arnett Cobb, Joe Henderson (ts); Jimmy Heath (ss, rs, f); Benny Green (p); Walter Schmocker (b); Doug Hammond (d), Collective personnel, Rec-30 April 1988.

THE IDEA for a concert in honour of a particular musical instrument (albeir a very important one) is unlikely to have stemmed from the mind of a musician; it has that definite whiff of the festival promoter about it. The Tribute, dreamed up by jazz booking agent Gaby Kleinschidt for the Nuremburg Jazz East-West Festival was (I think) designed to applaud the musical personalities that have afforded the tenor saxophone its unique place in jazz. Personalities which cannot be separated from the length of subing itself.

The three representatives for this event were presumably chosen to reflect the history of the instrument whilst remaining within the common ground of swing. Arnett Cobb of the "old school". Joe Henderson the "modern" and Jimmy Heath somewhere in between? For all its contrived sense of occasion the music is straightforward and to the

point. "Steeple Chase" features loe and limmy both in fine driving form. A respected composer and arranger. Heath is sometimes overlooked as a tenor player but he stamps his personality firmly on the proceedings, rattling our runs with alactity. Arnett Cobb (who was to die 11 months later) takes sole charge of his own "Smooth Sailing", a medium shuffle blues. Cobb grumbles like a gruff grizzly, the classic Texan tone, chewed and fraved at the edges, remaining intact despite the weakened physical state of the



man. He leads off the ballad medley with "Body And Soul", sighing his way tenderly through a single chorus like a stiff but very dignified old man who has seen most things twice but is really too tired to talk about it now. You can't help but be moved

Henderson follows with a deeply imaginative version of "Ask Me Now", a solo full of intrigue which expands the song from the inside out. Heath's rather more conventional "When Sunny Gers Blue", although spiced with Coltrane devices, is a slight anticlimax, but when you are following one of the greatest living saxophonists . .

They all stomp out merrily on the wellworn changes of "I Got Rhythm", Heath and Henderson swapping fours like old buddies. And I bet the audience weren't thinking about what a great tribute it was. They were

just enjoying the music, same as the guys on stage.

ROLAND RAMANAN

VINCENT HERRING

Scene One ethine Else SS07 CD

Elation; Rossel About - For Charlie Rosse, What Is This Thing Called Lone?; Almost, Running From The Cookse Monster, Never Forget, Where Or Wayne, Vincent Herring (as. ss). Kris Defoort (syn): Darrell Grant (p); Robert Hurst (b); Jack De Johnette (d), Collective personnel, Rec. December 1988.

American Exteriore Musiconneton 5077-2.C. CD The Athlishte; V H I; American Experience, Almost

Like The First: Anne's Mood, Sweet Georgie Brarie. You Know My Eyes, Metropoles Blues, Elation; Peace. Vincent Herring (as, ss); Dave Douglas, Tex Allen (t), Clifford Adams (tb), Rodney Jones (g); Bruce Barth (p); John Hicks (p); Monte Croft (vb., v); James Genus, Marcus McLauren (b), Mark Johnson, Beaver Harris (d). Collective personnel. Rec: 17 April 1986 and 12 October 1989.

VINCENT HERRING is an exhibitating young sax player. Where his peers, Steve Coleman and Branford Marsalis, have been discovered by the public, his comparable talent, to date, has not. At one point fiery and explosive with a raw, bluesy quality similar to Jackie McLean, Herring also has a passionate and languorous side to his playing.

Steen One is hard bop at a fearsome pace. Cole Porter's "What Is This Thing Called Love", is launched at a fast Latin tempo: Herring blows hard and unrestrained, all Dolphy-esque trills and careering runs as he twists sharply around the tune. "Elation". similarly, is a sparking interplay of rhythms with lack Delohnette, whose presence is a significant addition to the album, his tempos constantly alive with ideas

On the whole, the compositions lack the maturity of the improvising: "Roused About" shifts jerkily with little finesse and "Running From The Cookie Monster" has some sinister bass and piano themes but fails to maintain much intrigue, "Almost", however, is a real sewel in the crown. Herring's slow-swinging notes and fidgety runs explore the tune with surprising assurance.

The second album here, American Eugenius, is core more chillient. The conjusitions are consistently better, oddly so, as the absum contains recondings both before a differ Sam One. "The Athlotter" and "Almost Like The First" sir up firere 2006, with seating high nects and rasping lows, but the total the property of the containing a defirence of the containing the containing a defirence on alto.

Anorman Experience offers a diverse range of ideas and musicians: from a waspish Dave Douglas on trumper to a stolid Bruce Barth on piano – through hard bop, bebop, swing, Latin and more modal styles. But it is still Herring who provides the best reason to listen to this album again.

LAURA CONNELLY

has charred a singularly unpredictable course. From playing solo interval sets for footnets of the playing solo interval sets for divince personages a Adarder Cyrille and Loss Reed, and more recent work with Deams Gonzales (whose label daugain in sit, Hewins here returns to the electric guister in its most generic form, as an internumen to be addressed with the minimum of complications of the produced by a light enhaming piece and a roll-with a moistereouf finger there, this music as a low with a moistereouf finger there, this music as to levie we are meet has it continues to the level of the product of the solo of the playing the solo of the playing the solong t

Keirh Rowe, by contrast, treats the guirar as a physical arena in which other, nonmusical objects are forced into gladuatorial combat. Removed from the context of John Tilbury's clanging piano chords and Eddie Percost's penetrating percussion. Rowe's MEREDITH MONK

Book Of Days

Eurly Mornong Melody, Travellers 1, 2, 3, Dawn, Travellers 4/Churchyard Entertainment, Afternoon Melodon; FreldirClouds, Dank; Ers's Song; Enemag; Traveller's 5, Jacob Storysteller/Dance/Drawn; Madwoman's Vision, Care Song.

Meredith Monk Vocal Ensemble, Nurir Tilles (ky); Wayne Hankin (hurdy gurdy; bass recorder); Robert Ern (clo), Natz Hosseini (vln). Rec. June 1980

Six v.xas. app., shilts averging the floor of the country house, the range of a year, the readers of in a medieval street came to Merchith Monke. This developed into the securitie of Ews., a Jewishing Bod Of Dary, which relits of Ews., a Jewishing gill living in the 16th century, show and spirit living in the 16th century, show and inality, of 20th century life. But dware to the see and, when modern building workers uncover the remains of the village, they are staffled to find 600 year old drawings of cars, planess and modern against such as the second of the planess and modern against such as the second of the second planess and modern against second or second or second or second in the contraction of the second of the second of the second planess and modern against second or second o

At the time of her original vision Mouk was working on some mask with eventually became the score for the film, and the massion of this album has been developed from that score. Connected with the still from the plot contained in the sleeve notes, the muses as ammospheric and evocative, but judged on its own it is rather too much of a pure and simple thing.

People used to complain that the errandperson-in-the-street couldn't whintle modern classical muse, but Mercelith Monk's truest frequently sound as if they had been originated by that very process. The undimensary nature of her melodic material and the minimilate device of development by repetition suggest someone (albeit someone with an ear for a nine trunchbosten-mindedly humming.

The music is gentle but often distrubing, fitting the story's mixing of the familiar and the alien. The overall effect is somewhat fey and new-age hippy, and why not? Paradox-cally these pieces are like hardoore acceptable in large doses, but only offered in small ones. They would, stretched over longer periods, become hyponore, but can be a bit institution in the well-turned mooreth given.

in the well-turned mor

MARK HEWINS

The Electric Guitar

dasgoin CD2 CD

Aquafricare, Haw's Plane, Bessele The Iron Wall,
Aquafricans, But Bend.

Mark Hewins (g). Rec. 1989.

A Dimension Of Perfectly Ordinary Reality

Hatchies HR19 CD Ustitled; Ode Machine No.2; Crey Master; 73. Keith Rowe (g). Rec: 5 July 1989.

ELECTRIC GUIVANS ARE (OC CAN DO) Pelatively the chap, relatively ample in construction and can be de-runed, dumanted, modified and can be de-runed, dumanted, modified seed to ocural — while at the same time remaining one of the most responsive of instruments. They have a sound endleasly murable by anything from a MDD module to an anything from a MDD module to an anything from a MDD module to any available of translating the slightest variation in technique ment as stylinic starrement.

This consider you some way toward ex-

This possibly goes some way toward explaining the popularity of the guitar within the field of improvised and partly-improvised music, a field through which Mark Hewins



music is, in the epic Dantean sense, sheer hell. And where better to look for an exciring time? He improvises, performs compositions by Cardew and Abbinant and produces a music which is downeight scary in its intensity, devoid of both the constraints and the scone of ensemble leaves.

detritus and Maplin-catalogue electronics produces a soundace which is now so familiar in terms of its component parts of music and noise that, parthoxically, the effect is one of injuriantsis finarsy. I'd love to supply copies of this record to paterns worried about their kids' obsession with heavy metal culture. Hit em with this one a few times, Munn fey'll soon be begging to help you weed the rockety.

Rowe's agglomeration of guitar, radio,

DON GROLNICK

Weater Of Dreams

Nationg Personal; Taglious; A Waster Of Drawn, His Majusy The Bally; I Wast To Be Happy; Personans; Or Come Fag; Fire Bars; Randy Brecker (tr); Barry Rogers (th); Michael Brecker (ts); Bob Minexer (bcl); Don Geolank (p); Dues Holland (b); Pare: Fricken (d); Rec. 1000.

Witters was Blue Note label was reactivated in 1985 there followed a period when its honourable past cost a shadow so strong it seemed that the present would never live up to its imprecible hinteriod: legacy. For a while, some of the labels new releases seemed specifically designed to make Francis Wolff spin in his grave. However, over the late 18 months or so, albums have been coming through that have began to live up the loss The Beet In Inz. Similer 1997.

Wasne V/O Drusses is among the belt nepossibly even the finest, of the labels nemicraturion on EMI. Don Grolatick, the conjunit pinniss for the group Steps Ahned in the early 1980s who graduated into record former Steps handmars. Power Briskier and Michael Brecker, has taken some sensored former Steps handmars. Power Briskier and Michael Brecker, has taken some sensored former Steps handmars. Power Briskier and Michael Brecker, has taken some sensored has been been been been and better than the angel exection. Serring them loose on the his original compositions and ross sandards, both increasing and shoothing.

Grolnick has created musical space that allows the extrusces of his space strangements to breathe. But while he shapes the direction and imposes the tensuous withm which his group must work he never overplays his hand. Rarely does he deploy all the solicies are his disposal during the course of one composition. "His Mayesty The Baby," for example, is carried by Barry Rogers's trombone than the composition of the stranger of the com-

"Nothing Personal", three years earlier, produced Mike Brecker with a powerful opener for his debut as a leader on Impulse. Here the theme becomes fragile and purposefully intricate, spun around the somber tone colours of Rogers's trombone and Mintzer's bass clariner. Solos appear and disappear that respect the composer's intentions rather

than the improviser's vicarious pursuit of the moment. Even the distinctive imprints of the Brothers Brecker on trumper and tenor are held in check, allowing the discipline of the compositional form to shape their expression-

ism.

Throughout it's Grolnick's band that reates texture and mood; this is an album of solid musical craftsmanship and unhurried lyricism by musicians who have nothing to prove, yet succeed in proving quite a lot.

SPRINGER AND SARHANDI

Swans And Turtles
Venture VE 192 LP/CD/HC



Torusdov, Dester, Scattered Gloves; Inner Secret, Nothing Seriese, Swent And Twelles; Yellow, Brown, Tear Oar Plantars. Surah Sarlands (vla), Mark Springer (p). Rec: November 1989

Two ex-members of Rip, Rig And Panic with an album of introspective chamber music? I didn't know quite what to expect when I slipped this one into the cassette machine, but it turns out to be the kind of record which either grabs you at once or not at all. I was converted within minutes.

"Toreador" gives a pretty good idea of what we're in for. A strong opening gipsylike theme cocks a knowing glance at some earlier composers (Kodaly and Rózsa spring to mind), but then a rapid piano ostinato sets in and we are in the comforting world of post-systems music, repeated thythmic pastterns, slightly varying accents and melodies which remain catchy without dissolving into

Numerous reference points come to mind as the album proceeds. It has something of the tentative melancholy of Rayel's and Debussy's chamber music, although without any of their rigour. Then there is Walton's inexplicably neglected violin sonara, where wistfulness is included with such increasiry that it starts to seem positively creepy. The viola, though, is a uniquely rich and strange instrument, condemned to walk a no man's land between the more familiar tones of the violin and cello, and Sarhandi brings our this other-worldliness to the full. I was also reminded of the first (and by far the bort) Penguin Café Orchestra album, with its generous beloines of articulate, understated auster music

All of which is not to suggest that Sprinper and Sarbandi haven't found a voice of their own. Their harmonic vocabulary is modestly adventurous, keeping outright dissonance at more than arm's length but still consistently unsertling the listener with subtle deviations from the expected voicings. The least successful tracks are Springer's three short piano solos, where the bluesy inflections seem out of place and we soon start to miss the viola's haunting, unobtrusively dominant influence; so it's a relief to move on from "Scattered Gloves" to "Inner Secret", which has the most inspired melody of all, a simple but very beautiful figure which manages to survive all sorts of disruptive rumblings and interjections from the keyboard. This, I would say is a doo with a future. Let's just hope that Peter Greenaway doesn't get his hands on them for a while. IONATHAN COR

JOACHIM KÜHN

Dynamics

Something Sweet, Something Tender, Bank Of Memory, Chemin De La Sourie, Dynamics For Montains, Prince Of Whalis, Tonder Mersey, I. Don't Want To Know. Joschum Kuhn (b). Rec: June 1990.

Live, Théâtre de la Ville, Paris, 1989

Changement; Lest Tango In Parts; Clever Fedings; Gayline, Yesterdays; Parts. Kuhn (p); J-F Jenny-Clark (b); Dansel Humair (d). Rec. 27 November 1989.

This SOLIND alone of Dynamor, Kübn's thind solic albom on CAP, is quite assonishing. With Kühn playing a Bechitein grand personally chosen from their Berlin factory, studio engineer Walter Quintus captures all the glorious, ringing, sensual purity of the instrument, and in dong so creates the finest pustification 1 have heard yet of the wonders of the CD.

Kühn makes fall use of it, and of the albom's title. He begins "Prince Of Whales" with dark, totobling thunderous bass notes like a perilusa dive to the bottom of the sea, resolving it into something finally more thythenic, peaceful, and full of optumism, and on "Bank Of Memory" the deep bass notes reach into you again, this time counterpointed with sprays of high notes floating above.

Kilbn is endlessly full of suvention and harmonic possibility, especially on "Something Sweer, Something Tender", Dolphy's composition from Out To Loweb, on which he explores and explodes the piece's unusual rhythms and sauces even further.

And on the live set with the exemplary, september species property by the prop

like the sometimes dense, chustrophobic style of McCoy Tyner – less little space or lyvicium into his muse. He favour varroosic gliasandos, scurrying sheets of sound that charge on like a trans peeding out of control. Sometimes there is something too flashy, considering, not grandious about Kuhn's upproach, as if any sense of individuality has long been sacrificed to the (European) golds of sophistication and technique.

But that sound here

PHILIP WATSON

LEONARD BERNSTEIN

Charles Ises: Symphony No 2 Deutsche Grammophon 429 220 CD/HC

Charles Ives. Symphony No 2; The Gong On The Host And Ladder, Tour Road: No 1; Hymn — Large Controlled, Hallowiew, Controll Park In The Dark, The Unsenwend Quainse. New York Philharmonic; Leonard Bernatein (cond). Rec: April 1987, November 1988.

Gershwin/Barber/Copland Deutsche Grammoeton 61 041 CDMC

George Gershwar: Rhaptody In Blue, Samuel Burber: Adagus For Strangy, Auron Copland: Appalathan Spring.

Lis Angeles Philharmonic Orchestra, Leonard Bernstein (cond., p on 1). Rec. July 1982.



second is teally a great pudding of a piece into which Ives tossed such dispurate ingredients as extracts from Bach, Brahms and Wagner, revivalist hymns, fiddle tunes, Stephen Foster's "Campdown Races", the patriotic song "Columbia, The Gem Of The Ocean" and, to top it all, a raspberry! The result may sometimes be a little lumpy and strange of shape, but the proof is in the earing - and this is one flavoursome lipsmacker of a symphony. This new version by Bernstein, recorded live in New York, is supplemented by six of Ives's shorter pieces, notably the atmospheric *Central Park After Dark" and his celebrated "The Unanswered Question", in which groups of instruments souzbble over the meaning of existence. The second CD here, part of DG's mid-

price "Bernstein Edition" series, is a reissue of a live 1982 exocuting of three of America's more populat concert pieces. The brash were soon of Gernhwin's hodge-podge" (Rapsood) fails to convenient offset the piece itself), but Burber's "Adagio" is given a beaustifully poised reading, as is Goplant's bowly" Appalicatum Spring", the mayor work here, lyrical and zestful by turns and performed with a tender, expert care that is a joy to hear.

HOWARD ALDEN TRIO

Snowy Morning Blues Concord laza C 4424 CD

Oee Misrang In May, Fm Through With Lose; Bye-Yu; Melawhalar, Slupy True Gal, Le Savrier Volsor; Danceri In Lues; Soosy Morong Bloei; Ask Mi Now, Yoe Larve Me Brankhles; Saving 39. Howard Alden (g), Monty Alexander (p); Lynn Soxon (b), Dennis Marken (el). Rev: April 1990.

MONTY ALEXANDER

The River

Stand Up, Stand Up For Jesus; The River; The Siepent, Are Maria; David Daviad, Renewal; Ain't Gavina Study War No Mere, Halp't Holp't Lord God Aloughty, Whot A Friend We Have In Jesus; How Great Thou Art.

Monty Alexander (p); John Clayton (b); Ed Thigpen (d) Rec. October 1985

AMBIGUASS CAN'S E such stick-neth-emude when it comes to music. Chatels be rouse. Chatels the when it comes to music. Chatels the when it comes to wait 69 years to be reliable to the control of the contro

The second symphony was Ives's first attempt to create, on a large scale, the mix of American popular song and European form which came to characterise so much of his work. Neither as experimental as his notoriously difficult fourth symphony, nor as cohesive as the more intimate third, the I stave; mixed feelings about Concord records. They have a large stable of -1 think interesting artists who are lawshly recorded, and theroughly promoted. On the other hand, too many of their products in recent years have had a glossy, over-rehearsed air and hard, unloable sound quality. In a word, the average Concord record is good, but lacks the fire that would make it great.

Many Concord performers sound a lor more engaged on a live gig than they do on most of their studio releases. That applies to Scorr Hamilton and Warren Vache, and it applied to Howard Alden on his first record which came out last year. Sowey Mountain Blass is a considerable improvement – from mice he has moved us to year once indeed.

Adden's low of forgreen pieces from the wat liberty of unlephyl zee compositions. Monk's "Bpo's", for instance, and Dake's "Dancers la Low" — makes the reportuhered by the contract of the contract of the important is the pressor of Mony Adamsfer on that season. There are few more children musicism han Ackander around, and he is most effective at renowing the slightly adoption; and rate sometime hand around Adden's music. Ackander also play consumersely thought and interesting a contract, and the contractive the contract, Junes P Johnson's "Sensy Mountain No."

Alexander's own effort is less successful E. Alden benefits from Alexander's fixe. Mony could do with some of Howard's taste in material. The decision to devoee most of this referese to old hymat runes is bold, but I don't think it comes off at all. Recently, of counts, Wymon Maralis issued an album of Ellingtonised Christmas carols — which was very old, but at I near Maralis Ad concrining interesting to his carols. Alexander just plays his hymas.

There are some pleasant moments, but quite a lot of it; put sounds routine. Perhaps Alexander's reason for playing "Stand Up, Sand Up For Jesus" is the same as Dick Wellsmood's was for playing 'Jingle' Bells' people may not know Gershwin anymore, but they do know these tunns. However, Wellsmood's 'Jingle' Bells' was a turn die prant there cast a flood of light on the stride prant tradition. Alexander's version of, say, "Ave Maria" is merely a curiosity,

MARTIN GAYFORD

FAST LICKS

Graham Lock takes a trip from Washington

Lessur Thurs raco Questre: Low Ar Bustown 1949 (Jazz Revid JR I CD), Low Is Toncorro 1952 (Jazz Revid JR S CD). If Anthony Beaxwork magnificent Timend-Mash ribustic on Bar Ari fires you to check out the originals, here's one place to starstic very legalings. Lev A Busilians 1949 is, 1 I think, the earliest Tristans/Mash collaboration on record and the five quinter tracks (feer are also four brief Tristans plans lances from 1051/5 (trust seed do to both one



plus gueraist Billy Bueur, hacked by one of those samely ticking-over thythm units that Tristano apparently liked. Sound quality is poor and Marah's tenor tone seems distorered, but his hang-ten-sik, or phrasing (if a little wobbliet than in later years) is already unmistakable, as are Tristano's long lines and forays into attendary.

Lim be Twents 1932 has Treatane and Marsh with alteust Lee Kenitz and a spendifcally livelier rhythm section (Peter Ind, Al Levitr), the sound is better and, with some delightful touches from Marsh and Konitz plas strong soles from Tristane, so is the music. But how about a CD Pressive JB 8, 6, whose centracts from 1958 and 1964 sessions comprise when are probably the finest Tristanof Marsh dialogues on record? DINAU WASHINGTON: DINAU '63 (Peolette ROU 1014 CD). Back in the early 60s I was a Brenda Lee fan: listening to Dinah Washington 30 years later. I now realise where Little Miss Dynamite got her sticks and fuse. A singer who, some time before Ray Charles. brought gospel inflections to bear on popular material, Washington's enormous influence on pop music has been played down, perhans because her early death in 1963 made it easy to forcer. But listen to Desch '63 and you'll hear traces not only of Brenda Lee but even of Tammy Wynerre (on the almost-archerypal-C&W "From Rags To Riches") as well as, less unexpectedly, a whole lineage of deep soul singers, from Erra James to Esther Phillips to Laura Lee - especially on a devastating "Drown In My Own Tears". where Washington overcomes a terminally hammy backing chorus to sock it to us like a chemn

She has a lot more to overcome too – string orchestras, glitzy atrangements, showbiz repertoire – but the power and brilliance of her
singing sweep all before them, not least P G
Wodchouse's "Bill" ("I can't explain, it's surely
not his bain, that makes me thrill"), which she
dispatches with a tongue-in-check relish
that's wonderful to hear.

STEVE LACY NINE: FUTURIOUS PART 1 (har Art 6031 CD): FUTURITIES PART 2 (but Art 6032 CD). Reissue on two separate CDs of the 1984 project which saw Lacy and Irene Achi well on their way to a personal reshaping of song form: an endeavour which, for me, reached its peak on their later Moventow and The Glass recordings. On Faturities I can't quite square Achi's high-art, declamatory vocals with the diffident, aphoristic Robert Creeley poems which make up the text; and, echoing this dichotomy. I can't see why Lacy has included a harp in what is otherwise a belter of a jazz band. Still, Crotley apparently approved; and there is a lot of superb playing, both in ensemble and in solos by Lacy, Steve Ports, George Lewis

GIACINTO SCEISI: QUATTRO ILLIBTRA-ZIONI, XNOYBIS, CINQUE INCANTESIMI, DUO POUR VIOLON ET VIOLONGELIE (Accord 200742 CD). Richard Barrett's Outlines piece on Scelsi (Wire 76) was pretty comprehensive, so I'll just add that this latest quarter of pieces to appear confirms his statute as one of the most original and inventive of post-war composers. The CD, Accord's fourth release of Scelsi works, comprises two 1953 pieces for solo psano (neither performed here with the degree of wildness which Hatry Halbreich's notes had led me to hope for) and two mid-60s pieces for strings, notably the mesmerising violin solo "Xnovbis - Energy's Power To Ascend To The Spirit": imagine a siren's wail played at half-speed on violin, but with constant micro-tonal fluctuations creating a kind of edgy sound-shimmer effect. 'Only through extremely concentrated and repeated listening . . can the subtlest nuances of this extraordinary work be disclosed," cautions Halbreich, Let's hope the neighbours will understand.

JOHNNY DODDS: 1926-1928 (ISP 319 CD). One of the first jazz clarinetrists, Johnny Dodds played with King Oliver, Jelly Roll Morton and Louis Armstrong (in the Hot Five and the Hot Seven) as well as leading his own New Orleans-style groups in Chicago in the 1920s. This compilation. from his most prolific years, begins with the classic "Petdido Street Blues" and continues with historic tracks from The New Orleans Wandeters, The New Otleans Bootblacks, Johnny Dodds's Black Bottom Stompers and The Chicago Footwarmers, closing unfortunately just days before the session that gave us two further classics in "Bucktown Swamp" and "Bull Fiddle Blues". Dodds plays with tremendous dash and verve throughout; vivacious in the higher registers, darkly oozing passion in the lower, he attacks the blues with a wailing eloquence that's rately been matched in jazz. Newcomers may perfer the wider span of material on the BBC Iazz Classics Dodds compilation but this is a fine set too.

RUFUS REIGE CORBINGS TO THE LIAST (Samuyide SSC 1043D CD); SEVEN MINIS (Samuyide SSC 1010 CD). Reid is a talented bassist whose unassuming brasel of excellence tends to get him overlooked; but these two Sunnyade CDs — the recent Carrador To The Limut and the treasured 1984 date Seven Mandi— — both attest to his skills as player, composer and teader. The earlier trio recording the estimable Jim McNetyle on pisson, Tern Lyra Cantington on forman's high-tales, post-loop carrington on forman's high-tales, post-loop formation of the picture of the picture

HARRY SPARNAAY: LAGDER OF ESCAPE 1 (Attawa BABEL 8945 CD); ISANG YUN: ISANG YUN (Attawa BABEL 9056 3 CD). Attacca is a Dutch label (UK distribution by



Impetus) which specialises in imaginative programmes of contemporary composition: witness their new series of musicians "in search of a 'ladder of escape' from the limitations of their instruments". Volumes so far available feature ouitar (two), recorder (three) and two pianos (four), but my own favourite is volume one which has bess clariner virtuoso Hatry Spatnasy delving into a set of solo pieces that range from a version of Eric Dolphy's "God Bless The Child" solo to Isang Yun's delicate "Monologue" and Brian Ferneyough's exhilaratingly complex "Time And Motion Study 1". Yun's own CD comprises a selection of his music for flutes and reveals a characteristic blend of Korean and West European influences, not least the care he takes over single tones and his ability to move smoothly (at least in his post-70s work.

as hete) in and out of tonality. Check especially "Novellette" (for flute, harp, violin and cello), for its exquisite yin-yang interplay of timbres, dynamics, shadows on the wind.

BARNEY WILEN & THE MAL WALORON TRIC: MOVIE THEMES FROM FRANCE (TIMEles SIP 335 CD); MAL WALDRON: MOODS (ense 3021 CD/MC). Did anvone wonder what had happened to Barney Wilen, unfortunately famous for his then-boss Miles Davis's 1956 query, "Man, why don't you stop playing those awful notes?" I confess I'd forgotten him, but here he is playing masterful tenor and soprano on an unlikelysounding concept project that is actually state-of-the-art relaxed jazz. His deft, fluent horns, in cahoots with Waldton's striking piano, gently revitalise some well-known tunes ("Autumn Leaves", "Manhà De Catnaval"); dammit, they even make "Un Homme Et Une Femme" listenable again and also recover three neglected Miles themes from Lift To The Scaffold, Trit hop, indeed,

Waldom is in fieteer, more modernix mode on Mode, it leaves not the tracks that feature the swrete with Seve Lexy and Terms and Hiso. Originally one of the planner's finest erap releases, Model Degan life as a double-LP which had one record of models-LP which had one record of models-LP which had one record of models-LP which had one record of models of the solos and, to add insult to injury, reptines the LP-sleep artwoods of Waldom's 'Dougality' score how come no one at enja noticed (or cared) had the window of the model with was one of the reach they of doubped?

LOUIS SMITH QUARTET: BALLAGE FOR LULU (Steeblechese SC 31268 CD); CLARK TERRY. REO MITCHELL: JIVE AT FIVE (enja 6042 CD/MC). Trumpeter Louis Smith recorded for Blue Note in the 50s, joined the Hotace Silver Quinter - then gave it all up for a career in teaching. Twenty years later he reappeared on Steeplechase and Balladi For Lulu may be his finest set since the comeback. There's a very attractive (scholarly?) reserve in his playing and, aided by a sympathetic thythm section (Jim McNeely again on piano), he turns in a series of polished, thoughtful ballads - highlights of which, for me, are "Smoke Gets In Your Eyes" and "Cry Me A River". Lovely, laud-back, late-night blowing, And in the morning wake yourself up with Jin M Firn, a jumping duo set from vecterans. Terry (trumpet, flugelhorn) and Mitchell (lass, piano, vocals), in which they derive a deal of fun from a selection of (mostly Dake Ellington) juzz standards. Sophisticated Lady" and "Perlude To A Kiss" are treated gently, but it's a sprightly session overall — ewo masters digging the tunes, the action, exch other.

JIMMY GIUFFRE TRIO: PRINCESS (Fini Jazz 8803 CD/LP). Four tracks from a 1959 Rome concert with Giuffre's clarinet and tenor shadowed by Jim Hall's guitar and an unnamed bassist (for whom the sleeve etroprously substitutes drummer Buddy Clark). Almost any Italian small-label release raises suspicions about its legitimacy, but even if Present has been authorised by Giuffre (which I doubt) it can hardly be recommended; total playing time is barely over 30 minutes, sound quality is indifferent and the performances, while enjoyable, are not special enough to tempt any but Giuffre completists. If Verve would only reissue their superior Giuffre live recordings . . .

HARRY PARTON: THE MUSIC OF HARRY PARTCH (CRI 7000 CD). Partch was a great American eccentric, a opetime hobo who devised a 43-note octave, designed his own homemade instruments (using light bulbs, hubcaps, bottles) and created a highly personal music system around what he called his "trinity: sound-magic, visual beauty, experience-ritual". This CD combines two previous CRI LPs - And On The Seventh Day Petals Fell On Petaluma and From The Music Of Harry Partch - losing only the brief "Cloud Chamber Music" from the latter. Highlights here include "Castor And Pollux", with its thythmic zip, and "Petals" 's procession of sound-colours; but Partch nearly always intrigues, whether he's creating music that sounds like crazy honky-tonk gamelan or simply titling a piece 'The Cognoscenti Are Plunged Into A Demonic Descent While Ar Cockrails". Ab. if only . . .

SHEILA JORDAN: PORTRAIT OF SHEILA (Blay Note 789002 CD). If there's such a thing as blue-eyed soul, then perhaps Sheila Jordan could be called blue-eyed belop - a white singer but steeped in the numees of that particular black music genre. Portrait Of Sheila, from 1962, was her first LP and she approaches it with a zestful enthusiasm than borders, at times, on reckless abandon. Her beloop-based style - phrasing like a horn, improvising lines on the spur of the moment - captivates with its devil-may-care exuberance, at least on the faster tracks such as "Let's Face The Music And Dance" (though on the slower songs her wild intervallic leaps and wavering syllables can come across as a mire affected). Coincidentally, she studied a while with Lennie Tristano and some of the risks she takes with phrasing and timing remind me a little of Warne Marsh. But asn't this where we came in . . . ?



OUTLINES

O gentes somes undique, landate Tony Herrington, who surveys the latest Laten releases.

F 18.5 ** U** **, highlights from the last two butters of Combine relevants habitated and submitted in Combine relevants habitated possible daily (will licensing liberally from the corologue of the Meddlin-based) Done Fucklin batter, between Corologue of the Meddlin-based Done Fitte Gulighted Of Solar, Tim Larns Boormen's The Bodiented Of Solar, Tim Larns Boormen's The Bodiented Of Solar, Tim Larns Boormen's The Goldon Solar and Loss TUCHOROMARON'S Solar by Topical season and Los TUCHOROMARON'S Solar by Topical season and Los TUCHOROMARON'S Solar by Topical Colours to the expensive curvates of Cultura book on the expensive curvates of Cultura book of the Computer Solar Book of the Comput

En Acrion, is even more spectacular in the way it works key ingredients from various Caribbean source musics (2004, 50ca, merengue and so on) in to a basic salsa/cumbas formar. Joe san't the greatest sonero in the world but he has a way with a melody as tracks like "La Cothe" and "Pa'l Buillador" prove.

Recent Colombian releases available on import, via Dave Buttle's indispensable distribution set-up Mr Bongo, include GRUPO Nacur's Satil V Controllery (Sono Hir) and La MISMA GUENTE'S Sarne (Evesol). Niche have been one of Colombia's most influential groups for nearly two decades. Like all their recent releases. Satel Y Contundente was recorded in Florida's infamous Miami Sound Studios. The music it contains represents something of a shift in direction for the group's director Jurio Vareta, replacing the hard, brassy salsa of old with a more streamlined sound that parallels the massively popular NY-based Salsa Romantics recordings of Lalo Rodriguez, Eddie Santiago and Andy Montanez. The tracks which hew closest to the Romantic style, "Mi Hiso Y Yo" and "Arrevida", are two of Niche's biggest tunes to date so expect more of this direction in the future.

La Minna Guerte have yet to achieve domeric success on the scale of a group like Nithe but Sornat, their fourth releuse, as these Colombian record I've beard this year. The eight method with the scale of the scale

incir Caribban Island stop over, Las Curcas Du Cas's Lord (1905 100) and Curlen Cas Du Cas's Lord (1905 100) and Curber of the Cas's Lord (1905 100) and Curber of the Cas's Lord (1905 100) and Curlen Cas's Lord (1905 100) and Cas's Lord Managaran Da Markana's Caster Marca Managaran Da Marca (1905 100) and Cas's Lord Managaran (1905 100) and Cas's Lord (1905 100) and Lord (1905 100) and Cas's Lord (1905 100) and Lord (1905 100) and Cas's Lord (1905 100) and Lord (1905 100) porary, piano-led Cuban fusion.

Several of the tracks on Giraldila could drop into sequence with two new releases on the GRP label. BrazAssa is a record of up-to-theminute West Coast fusion done with a carioca flavour. Its main proragonists are lananese koto player YUTAKA, ex-Michael Jackson/ Earth Wind & Fire horn arranger lenny Hey and Brazilian musicians Oscar Castro NEVES and PARTINGO DA COSTA. In wher might be termed popular music's post-Live Aid era such an unlikely combination of musicians is hardly our of the ordinary and the same goes for their record. The other GRP release is HERRIE MANN and DAVE VALENTIN'S TWO Awing ("Topether at last!", as the sleeve note puts it). Herbie has made more bad records than even Ramsay Lewis managed but Daye is one of the sharpest operators on the NY Latin lazz circuit so I count this record's production line approach to the fusion process as something of a disappointment. "Jesse's Samba" and "Obsession" enliven proceedings briefly with some beavy Brazilian and Nuvorican input

respectively, but otherwise it's muso city all the way.

Debte recent releases on the caps of Linia.

Obtained Concordly, which contains soluted moments of distriction but mostly contains soluted moments of distriction but mostly contained solutions. Societized Science of Societized Science of Societized Concordly, Societized Conference of Societized Concordly, Societized Conference of Astron. Mozamaca 1972 Buddels LP Sould Or To-Grand Congress), one of lais very best records

Other notable reissues: Ls Major De Fruderico Y Su Couble Lattrus (Palacio/Mr Bongo), a great collection of late 60s/early 70s. Venezuellan salsa from the man often credited with retinventing the term in a musual as opposed to culinary sense via records like Llege La Salsa and Salar y Salor. Look for RUBEN BLADGE.

Cali-Brazilian sound

Bibenia Y Posta (Sono Lux), a mid-70s set of classic Blades material featuring quintessential period sounds like the Feeder Rhodes piano and the wah-wah guitar; and JoAO GIBEN-TO's The Original Bossa Nosa Resentings 1958— 61 (World Pacific), which combines his first there pressible unfluental Bio Salturas septo.

handy CD-only package. A delirious 38 tracks

in all, och oer an absolute medel of cost.

The Gilberto release is part of BMTs relaunch of their legendury Benzilian Wellperific subsidiary. Also presen in their firebarch are essues of Dayava's Sodure from
1980, Townston Bona's Sogormounty iritedrelease from 1981 and E, the Western debut
from Rio singeringquerter Lins 'Goozacutusts' Gooza-Ca, Jina. All three make the
nachard Benzilian connections between sands,
bosa nova, cost school juzz, 60, pop. 706

MOR and 509 reception whates, Plew' - Edit

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Mr Bango is at 18A, Avenue Rd, London N6 5DW – write for their current catalogue, Thanks to Mike Chadwick, Decoy Records, Manchester.

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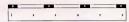
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TERATIONS plats by CAROLINE FORBES

my father was a gambler, down in milton keynes...

mit that fauful night in the Haue Of The Upwardly Mahile Saw when a regul flast who has a couplet as of Wire look muss. Well, higher yas could say "Alternative, left in right. Troy Day, Store Bergfrieft, Pere Canak, Danit Targ, hid Bought as say, formed a grape, signal in Bline Nate, made a best-cilling word and sound the saw will always to be form talline. Of some, we can it guarantee that the saws will happen in everyone who has a full flowed "Wire hack times— has the way you have, the behave the dah!" A mader intend to 12 will seave you now, the others the dah! Store and the size — and a sime you have, the behave the dah! A mader intended yet a wirming plan. For eversome rander, press and thus brings you wirming plan. For eversome rander, press as 22.40 (dashlet \$3.20) for a shead-of-the-park simual difference.

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24 (Betty Carter) 25 (Courtney Pine)

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33 (Beat Ere) 34/35 (Letter Book)

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39 (Andy Sheppard) 40 (Ornetse Coleman)

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AN OPEN LETTER TO THE NEW MUSIC COMMUNITY

I STARTED LOR Records in 1980 and inter that time I have been weeking day and night to develop the label. All these years I have had a full-time job with the IBEC, saving every person of my salary and investing it into Los Records. Over the en years I managed to relesse almost 100 recordings, many of which received the highest critical sectain.

Over this period my main discributor in the USA was New Music Distribution Sertive, which had a stock of my records worth over \$100,000 at shop prices. In 1987/88 alone 1 shipped almose 10,000 LPs and CDs to NMDS, worth over \$30,000 at a distribution/shvolesale prices. On top of everything, I paid for delivery of these shipments to NMDS, myself.

ments to NMIS. myself.

However, I have only received a small fraction of this money from NMISs. My for feferts to get the payment from the fefferts to get the payment from though a debt collector have failed, and as a set remail. Los Records is sinking into delet interests on the bank loan continues too accumulate with cvery month and then cacumulate with cvery month and then which which give me the overdraft against the form of the filter. Now, as 52 years of age, 1 am in danger of becoming homeless.

During 1990 I could not release any records except Desawest. New Masse Fraw Restan, although I have on my shelf outstanding recordings of Arthony Braxton, Cecil Taylor, Marilyn Grapelli, Slava Ganetin and dozens of tapes from the USSR.

coords or type from the USSN, and strongly and the MSSN milk from the USSN MSSN milk from the MSSN milk from

My efforts to find a sponsor for noncommercial, non-conformist masse did not being results. So, my last resort is to new music fans, who are the most sensitive, most educated and most conscientious audience in the world. I am not begging for money. I am appealing to new music fans to buy one LP

THE WRITE PLACE

Our favourite latter each words went a betile of deliceus Jon Buon boarbon whisky, Moon! All letters to. Write Place, Wire, Units GGH, 115 Cleveland St. London W1P 5PN.



from the Leo Records catalogue through my European distributors or directly from Leo Records.

I need only five thousand volunteers to buy one LP each. And Izo Records will be back in business releasing all those marvellous records which not only please but change the course of music history as well. LIO FAGIN, Producer, Leo Records, 7 Clare Court, Judd Street, London WCI

See our charts page this worth for our choice of the top ten Leo releases you can buy — Ed.

FRANTIC WILD CRAZY!

On "WHAT Is The Thing Called Bog" a further reference worth nating comes from the witterfree transport Haughes. In one of the Hirdenmest Simple stories fine which Jesse B Semple, "Simple' to his firedis, philosophese from stoop or but stood) written in the 1930s, Simple admin and printing the property of the pro

every tune a cop hirs a negro with his billy club, that old club says, 'BOP! BOP! BE-BOP! MOP'. BOP! That's where Be-Bop comes from, braten our

think Bop is nonsense – like you. They think it's just outy crasy. They do not know Bop is also MAD CRAZY, SAD CRAZY, FRAN-TIC WILD CRAZY – beat out of somebody's head!"

An explanation lending credence perhaps to "Now's The Time" referring to the time for equal rights.

ANDREW POTHECARY, London NW10

HERE COMES THE SUN

I as a writing with reference to the Sun Ra album I ordered from your excellent magazine some months ago. Where is st? I received a pastcard on 24 August informing me that it would be "disparched shortly" but alsa so Ra. Has my alloum been transported to another dimension? Or has Postrana Par taken it for his cosmic black and white cat? Please I em the flow.

JOHN SALT, London SW2

Apologie to all reaslers awaiting their Sun Rarecords(CD: The delay was caused by pressing problems whith, Blast First assure as, have now been cleared up and copies of the celestial Ra-thould be writing their way to you, via eartibly mail, even as you read this — Ed.

MY FAVOURITE THINGS
TEN FROM Crawley 1990:
Pleasantest surprise: Larry Stabbins &

QRZ (much better than Working Week).

Biggest disappointment: Caspar Brötzmann's Massaket (pretty conventional under-

neath all the volume).

Best dressed: Steve Williamson (runnerup. Richard Underhill of Shuffle Demons).

Most popular hairstyle: the Lol Coxhill

cut. Lowest profile: Richard Cook (sported briefly near the Wire stall).

oriefly near the Wire stall).

Best food: chicken satay (Lulu's Cafe).

Best drink: Imported Elephant Beer (a

word for our sponsor).

Most affable introductions: Gary Boyle.

Court martialled for deserting their posts:

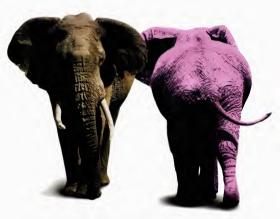
Hawth Centre staff when God were playing.

Brighton Musicians Co-op star: panto-

mime horse.

EDWARD и КІТСИЕМ, Derby (Visitor – Outside In)

For fine observation, you win this wonth's Jim Beam – Ed.



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auto Chose - Swansea Extension Park